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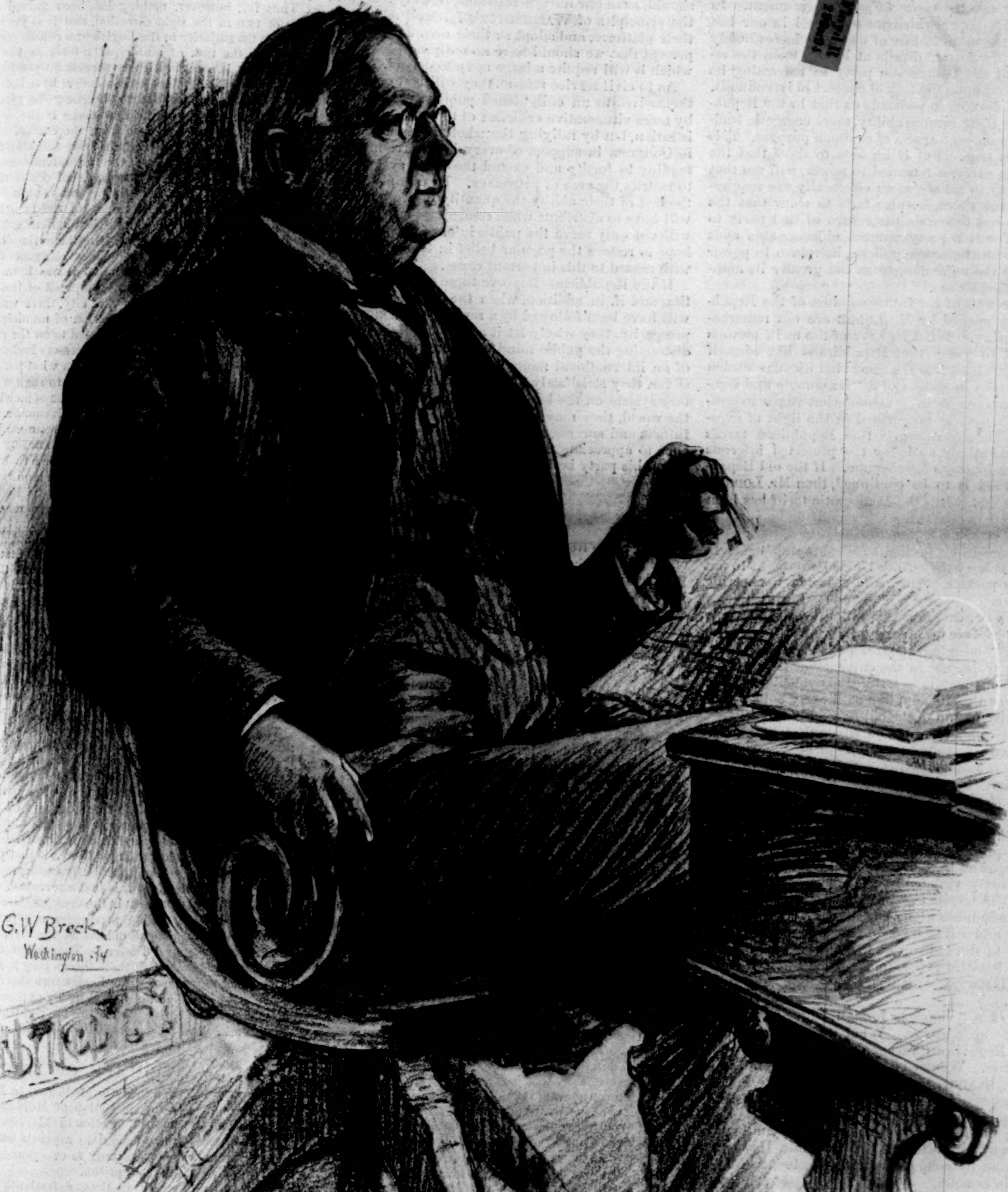

HON. GEORGE F. HOAR, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

Drawn from Life by George W. Breck.—[See Page 178.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE TRUE OPPORTUNITY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

WHEN we speak of the opportunities of a political party, we do not mean merely conjunctures of circumstances enabling it to accomplish something for its own prosperity as an organization, but we mean possibilities for doing something to promote the public welfare and the cause of good government. In the elaborate paper which we published in our last issue, and the main feature of which we have already discussed, Mr. LODGE dwells at length upon the remissness of the Democratic party in redeeming its promises, and upon the lack of concert in its councils. He also endeavors to persuade us that in the Republican party there is more ability, more energetic leadership, and more clearness of common purpose. This may all be true. But if he fails to show that the Republican party, if returned to power, will use that power so as to satisfy more effectually the requirements of the times, he also fails to show that the public interest demands the return of that party to power. For if a party pursues objectionable ends or follows unwholesome policies, its return to power may be all the more dangerous the greater its abilities and energies are.

The prospects of the future conduct of the Republican party opened by Mr. LODGE are not remarkably reassuring. What he says of the tariff permits us, indeed, to guess that Republicans like himself find the MCKINLEY tariff a somewhat irksome burden to carry. But he speaks of a "reasonable and complete protective system"—a somewhat vague expression which may be understood in the light of experience. This experience is that Republican tariffs were substantially made by the protected interests themselves by way of grab-game. If the old Republican method is to be continued, then Mr. LODGE'S promise is that, when the Democratic tariff has been in operation two or three years and the business of the country has accommodated itself to it, the manufacturers are to be invited to Washington again to say what bounty they think Uncle Sam ought to put into their pockets. This, surely, is not a cheering perspective.

Mr. LODGE also promises for the Republican party to keep the silver question open, for he still seriously speaks of "bringing about by international agreement the proper use in the currency of the world of both precious metals"—a thing so evidently impracticable now that its adoption as a party policy looks like a continuation of the old Republican demagogy, which, in order to hold the silver States, wantonly traded away the sound principles of finance and thus wrought infinite mischief. This, too, is rather discouraging.

What Mr. LODGE says of civil service reform has a timid sound, and not without reason. For never was there a President elected upon so defiantly emphatic a promise of civil service reform as Mr. HARRISON was, and never has such a promise been more unblushingly violated. We are certainly not disposed to overlook the shortcomings of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, but surely there has been nothing under it to be compared in extent or shamelessness to the looting of the railway mail service and the boastful proceedings of headsman CLARKSON under HARRISON, which passed without Republican censure.

Also of a "vigorous foreign policy" Mr. LODGE has something to say. What that means in the accepted Republican vernacular we know also from experience. We need not call up the vagaries of the late Mr. BLAINE; we need only remember President HARRISON'S own feats of "vigorous foreign policy"—the scandalous recklessness by which he came near driving the country into an absurd conflict with Chile, and his attempt to precipitate Hawaii into the Union by snap-game, and this, too, without Republican censure.

While thus Mr. LODGE has succeeded in showing why the country, if it wants "rest," should distrust the Republican party, we hope wise Republicans will not overlook the truly great opportunities their party has really before it. They should not delude themselves with the idea that the State elections last autumn actually meant a reversal of the popular mandate conveyed by the elections of 1890 and 1892 with regard to tariff reform. They may take it for reasonably certain that the tariff-reform bill will pass Congress, and that the Republican Senators and members have it in their power, not to prevent, but only to retard or to expedite its passage. It is the universal opinion of the business community, the protectionists included, that the sooner the tariff bill is disposed of one way or the other, the sooner will the country be relieved of that uncertainty which is the cause of the present stagnation, and the sooner there will be a chance for the revival of business and prosperity. Here is an opportunity for the Republicans in Congress to show, by frankly and resolutely accelerating the passage of the tariff bill, that their public spirit is stronger than their partisan impulses, and by showing this they will do the country, and at the same time their party, a valuable service.

They have another great opportunity. However tempting the occasion may be for partisan invective and spread-eagle talk on the Hawaiian business, the Republicans, if they wish to benefit the country as well as themselves, should not only abstain from all exciting claptrap about a "vigorous foreign policy" in the BLAINE and HARRISON line, thus committing their party to a policy of reckless adventure, but they should, as to our foreign relations, frankly recognize the principles of WASHINGTON'S farewell address as their platform, and adopt as their own JEFFERSON'S precept that we should have no outlying possessions which it will require a large navy to defend.

As to civil service reform, they will best commend themselves to an enlightened public sentiment not by mere vituperative criticism of the present administration, but by rallying the whole Republican vote in Congress in support of every legislative measure tending to fortify and extend the merit system and to restrict the area of patronage. By diminishing to the best of their ability the quantity of plunder they will have to distribute when returning to power, they will not only serve the public interest, but may also hope to restore the popular belief in their good faith with regard to this important cause.

If the Republicans improve these great opportunities, and if, in addition, when the Democratic tariff will have been followed by a revival of business and prosperity, they wisely let it alone, and if, instead of distracting the public mind with the will-of-the-wisp of an international monetary conference in favor of silver, they steadfastly aid in building up our monetary system on the basis of the commercial money of the world, they may enter upon a new career of usefulness and success, and learn from renewed experience to appreciate the truth of the maxim that "he serves his party best who serves his country best."

THE GALVANIZED SILVER DISCUSSION.

MR. BLAND has succeeded in once more forcing the silver question to the front. He proposes to grant the Secretary of the Treasury the power to issue silver certificates against what he calls the seigniorage arising from the purchase of the silver bullion under the act of 1890. Seigniorage is the result of coinage, however, and the law of 1890, which, so far as it affected the treatment of the bullion and the redemption of the Treasury notes, was not repealed, provides that in coining enough bullion to meet the demand for silver dollars for the Treasury notes, the Secretary shall account for and pay into the Treasury the gain or seigniorage arising from such coinage. Under existing law this seigniorage is now mythical. If the bullion purchased under the law of 1890 should be actually coined, something like $55,000,000 would accrue to the Treasury. Mr. BLAND proposes that Mr. CARLISLE in his discretion shall assume that the silver has been actually coined, and shall thereupon issue paper money to the amount of $55,000,000 against bullion which when coined might possibly be worth half that sum. This reintroduction of the silver question is pure folly. The passage of this bill is probably impossible. At least Mr. CLEVELAND stands in the way. But its discussion may again endanger the business interests of the country, and threaten them with a renewal of the panic from whose disastrous effects they are only just beginning to recover.

Every silver certificate now existing is a warehouse receipt for a silver dollar deposited in the Treasury. Mr. BLAND'S new certificates might be redeemable in silver dollars not now existing. They would thus be *fiat* money until the mints could coin what they would pretend on their face to represent, and after that they would be the paper form of a token currency.

No one pretends that there is not enough money in the country. There is more than business demands. The people who do not possess it or any property with which they can procure it say that it is not properly distributed. Mr. BLAND must know, if they do not, that merely adding to its volume will not distribute it more freely. Moreover, Mr. BLAND and his followers assert that there is only one cure for the money problem, and that is the free coinage of silver. They say that it was because they were half-way and inadequate measures that the BLAND law of 1878 and the SHERMAN law of 1890 were failures. If, they argue, Congress had adopted Mr. BLAND'S free-coinage measures instead of the two purchase acts, the United States would now be on a sound bimetallic basis in defiance of all the rest of the civilized world, and prosperity would exist where now there are want and penury. There is an admission in this argument that is fatal to Mr. BLAND'S sincerity in his present movement. If the currency authorized by the old laws did not bring to the country the relief that Mr. BLAND expects from bimetallism, how is it possible to secure that relief by simply inflating the ineffective currency after the policy of the laws themselves has been further discredited by the repeal of the essential feature of the last of them?

The truth is that Mr. BLAND and those associated with him on this subject are simply intent on keeping alive the silver question, and apparently they are absolutely indifferent to the effect their conduct will produce on the finances of the country. Their wanton folly is all the more apparent because they can accomplish nothing. Mr. CLEVELAND will take care of them in this Congress, and the people will look after them in the next. The silver men were beaten for good and all when the SHERMAN act was repealed.

INVESTIGATE THE WHOLE CITY GOVERNMENT.

RARELY has the force of public sentiment in New York city been more clearly manifested than at and since the election of last November. Without undertaking to enumerate the directions and the objects of popular indignation against the bosses, it is safe to say that not since TWEED'S day have the corrupt autocrats of the two parties been so thoroughly frightened. Even the "deal" which CROKER and PLATT desired to consummate is likely to be made impossible by PLATT'S steadily growing weakness in his own party.

Thus far, however, nothing has been gained beyond a step or two in the right direction, and it is yet to be seen whether the majority in the Legislature can be compelled to undertake the task of municipal reform in the thorough manner that is necessary if any permanent good is to be accomplished. The Police Commissioners have been alarmed, and enough has been shown concerning the system under which the force is governed to make it the duty of the Legislature to take it at once from the control of the politicians. A right-minded body, a body thinking first of the good of the State, in view of the revelations concerning the police of the city, would not dream of continuing a four-headed commission, bi-partisan or non-partisan. The fact that leading Republican members of the Legislature continue to talk of such a commission, and to ask for more evidence of corruption, only strengthens the doubt entertained by good citizens of their fitness as agents of reform.

When the election was over, and it was known that the majority of the Legislature was composed of the party enemies of the majority party in this city, there was a general demand for a thorough investigation of municipal government. The Legislature was appealed to on the ground that the system was that which its predecessors had devised, and it was therefore its duty to discover in what particulars the laws of the State had lent themselves to such a deplorable condition of affairs. The response was somewhat long in coming, and was not satisfactory when it came, accompanied as it was by the signs of a "deal" consummated between PLATT and CROKER. Thereupon the WEEKLY announced that a PLATT investigation would be worse than no investigation at all. The popular demand for an inquiry continued, however, and a PLATT investigation of the Police Department was set on foot. The demand for an examination of the whole municipal government was ignored. The character of the committee that was appointed did not allay suspicion of the motives of the majority in the State Senate, or of the man who evidently controlled it, while the time limited for the inquiry was so short that the conclusion that the proceeding was to be a whitewashing farce could not be escaped. Fortunately the interests of the city were in wise hands. Dr. PARKHURST, the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. CHOATE and other eminent lawyers refused to aid in the scheme—in other words, declined to be beguiled. In consequence the Senate committee, coerced by public sentiment, decided to ask for the time necessary for a thorough examination.

This is not all that should be demanded. The good citizens of New York want more than an inquiry into police corruption. They are assured of that, and believe that they know the remedy. They want the whole municipal government exposed. They want to know how it is that an autocracy has been established in the chief city of the republic, and they want to know just how far they are ruled by criminals, some in authority and some the partners of those in authority. They want to know how it is that public officers on small salaries can live luxuriously and accumulate wealth. They want to know how it is that a private citizen, who was once a tough, who once sat in the dock on the charge of murder, who has had trifling productive occupation, can rule the elected and appointed officers of the city, can truly call himself the "Central Power." They want to know why CROKER is rich. And all these things they have the right to know, and to demand of the Legislature that it find the answers. An investigation of the already exposed Police Commission will not satisfy justice nor the righteous demands of New York. The light must be turned on all our dark places.

A TRIUMPH OF LAW.

THE law has been signally vindicated in New York and Kings counties by the conviction of MCKANE in Brooklyn and of three inspectors of election in this city. Of these last, NEVILLE has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary, and DUNPHY to two years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison.

The crime of which all these defendants were guilty is almost as common as it is serious. For years the people, not only of Kings County and New York, but of the State, have been conscious of the fact that elections have not always fairly expressed their will, but that party bosses have frequently defeated the popular will, and, to that extent, have overthrown republican government. These offenders against the election laws accomplish what an armed enemy could not do. They steal the government from the people. They change it in reality, if not in form, to an autocracy. They defeat the chosen servants of the people with creatures who prey upon the community. To them elections are opportunities for seizing upon the taxable property, and for entrenching themselves in places from which they can wage warfare upon all that is good and reputable in society. They are not only the enemies of government, but they paralyze government, and escape the consequences of their crimes by gaining the control of the machinery of justice.

Wherever such a man as McKane is at the head of the politics of a community, American institutions are an absolute failure. A responsible and acknowledged despot is a better and safer ruler than a boss who cheats, swindles, and bullies himself and his followers into office. The immunity from punishment of creatures like McKane and the New York inspectors has been a disgrace to the State and the country. McKane has ruled Gravesend as absolutely as Lobengula ruled the Matabele. Elections have gone to the party which for the time he favored. Statutes and official oaths meant nothing to him. The processes of the courts were objects of contempt. The citizen who opposed him suffered. The heeler who obeyed his will prospered at the expense of the community. Free self-government has not existed at Gravesend for years. The convicted New York inspectors, it is to be hoped, are the first of many to recognize, with McKane, that the law lives, although it has been sleeping. These men defied the statutes monstrously. They cheated the ballot-box for the trifling purpose of enabling their Assembly leader to win a banner offered by Croker as a prize for the best showing for Tammany Hall. They made a jest of the most sacred laws of the State—the laws intended to preserve and maintain the sovereignty of the people, the right of American citizens to govern themselves—because they vainly thought that Croker could protect them.

At last the majesty of the law awoke at the demand of popular indignation. McKane has discovered that there is no certain immunity for law-breakers, and that the criminal, high or low, rich or poor, boss or heeler, is always standing within the shadow of the prison's walls. The New York inspectors have found out that Croker himself must bend or break before the risen storm of public indignation, and that he will sacrifice his followers to save himself. In this triumph of law there ought to be a guarantee of the future. It remains for the people to demonstrate that the lesson has not been lost.

THE REJECTION OF MR. PECKHAM.

The Senate of the United States has once more shown that it is a degenerate body. It has rejected the nomination of Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham for a justiceship on the Supreme Bench. This is the second time within a few weeks that it has refused its assent to the appointment of a lawyer worthy of the place to the tribunal which, more than any other in the country, is supposed to be above the ignoble strife of party and the mean rivalries of politicians. And in each instance the Senators who voted against confirmation were governed by motives of the ascendency of which the framers of the Constitution never dreamed when they gave to the Senate the power to approve or disapprove the appointments made by the President.

If the rejection of Mr. Peckham were the first instance of the degradation of the Senate, it would perhaps be impossible to convince the country of the true condition of affairs in the body which the founders looked to as a brake upon the impetuosity of the Representatives, and upon the ambition of the Executive. But the Senate has recently been generous in proof of its unworthiness. Public confidence in it was shaken by the manner in which it permitted the insolence of the minority to prevent action on the silver repeal bill, under the cloak of "courtesy," and by its willingness in the Hornblower case to espouse the quarrel of Hill with the President, notwithstanding the injury thereby done to the fair fame of the Supreme Court.

There is no doubt that Mr. Peckham is worthy to be a justice of the Supreme Court. There was no doubt that Mr. Hornblower was worthy. No honest and intelligent man believes in the pretences that were made by the Senators who voted in favor of his rejection. Most of those who voted against the candidate showed their lack of confidence in their case by refraining from giving their reasons for their votes. Mr. Pugh was bolder than his followers. He declared in the presence of the Senate that Mr. Peckham was not possessed of a judicial temperament; that he was irascible. Mr. Pugh may possibly believe that he was moved by this absurd reason. Most of his fellow-citizens read his mind and heart more accurately. His opposition to Mr. Peckham was inspired by a hatred of the President which blinded him to his duties and obligations, and made him, for the moment, an enemy of decent government, and unworthy of the profession to which he belongs.

The Senate has been guilty of disgraceful acts before this, but of no act more disgraceful than this rejection of Mr. Peckham. On the Democratic side of the Chamber the vote for rejection was a vote of confidence in Hill and Maynard, and a declaration that the Senate will not permit the President to appoint to office any citizen of a State whose Senator is inimical to the nominee. This is usurpation of the President's prerogative; for while the Constitution confers upon the Senate the power to approve or disapprove a nomination, it does not require the President to consult the Senators in advance. It was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution, as modern Senators appear to think, to give to the Senate the power of compelling the President to appoint to office only the friends of its members. It was their intention simply that the Senators should protect the President, through their knowledge of the individuals selected from their several States, against deception, and to aid him to fill the offices of the government with proper men.

Mr. Hill has said in effect that no lawyer of New York shall be appointed to the Supreme Bench who opposed him, or who voted against Maynard for judge of the Court of Appeals. The efforts of lawyers like Peckham and Hornblower to maintain the purity of the bench of this State have disqualified them in the opinion of the Senate from sitting on the Federal Bench. Mr. Hill undertook to reward Maynard's crime against the suffrage of New York by making him a judge of the highest court in the State. The people of the State protested against this desecration by a majority of 100,000, but the Senate of the United States endorses it by denying judicial office to lawyers who protected the integrity of New York's judiciary. A minority of the Democratic Senators, who themselves had causes of complaint against the President, who disliked him for his silver policy, who had been unable to extort as many offices from him as they wanted, who were moved by numberless other unworthy motives, came to the aid of Hill. They constitute a band of whom American history will long be ashamed, for, clothed with high powers that bring corresponding obligations and duties, they made the highest tribunal of the country the sport of their meanest passions and prejudices. Joined with them was a group of partisan Republicans, led by Mr. Hoar, quite as unworthy as their Democratic associates. They pretended that Mr. Cleveland was making war on Hill, although they knew that it was Hill who was making war on an undoubted constitutional right of the President. They did not like Mr. Peckham's State Rights views, although most of them had voted to confirm Mr. Lamar, an original secessionist. It was all pretence and subterfuge. Every vote against Peckham was a vote to beat the President, and nothing else.

The Senate has turned its back upon its old traditions, and is disgraced.

NEW YORK A NATIONAL POST-OFFICE.

Postmaster Dayton and Postmaster-General Bissell are working together for a plan to increase the efficiency of the New York post-office. Mr. Bissell hopes also to bring about a like happy result for Chicago, and if possible for eight other large cities of the Union, and thus for the postal business, and for all business of the United States, both domestic and foreign. This seems like a very extensive scheme. In its aims, and in its certain results if successfully carried out, it will assuredly be most extensive and important, but in its actual provisions it is very simple, and in the expenditure required is moderate. Even the moderate increase of expenditure will be in the nature of a very profitable investment, judged merely by the revenue it will secure in the future. Judged by the advantages it will confer upon the business of the whole country, the return will be practically incalculably beneficial.

To take the local plan first, Mr. Dayton proposes a careful rearrangement of the stations and branch offices of the post-office in this city, by which the mail matter can be more directly, promptly, and rapidly collected and distributed. By this he estimates that of the 178 additional carriers required under existing conditions there will be saved 74 carriers, and about $5000 in car fares. Mr. Dayton also recommends that the United States government should own all the buildings in which its postal business is carried on, in order to secure safety for the mail matter and the records, facility for the transaction of business by its employés, and convenience for the people. There is no doubt that this could be done at a considerable saving of money and with very great advantage.

But these suggestions, though in harmony with the wider plan, are subordinate to it. The substance of that plan is that the postal appropriations for New York and Chicago at least, and preferably for eight other large cities, should be made direct, and be expended by the postmaster of each city, under such regulations for responsibility, etc., as the department may find necessary. The argument for this change is unanswerable. Taking New York as an example, as it is, of all the cities—though of course by far the most important—the postal business here is national and international rather than local. For instance, the mail matter sent out from here, either collected in New York or received from outside, is separated in the New York post-office for 1176 different points in the United States, besides the mails for steamers to Europe, the West Indies, Mexico, and Central and South America. Now this enormous national and international business has to be handled in New York under regulations and by methods determined by the department at Washington applying to other post-offices. New York is treated as one of a large class of similar offices, whereas it is an office wholly distinct in its requirements from any other. Very properly the department keeps detailed control of the offices as a body, and regulates their transactions, which it can do because those of each are like those of the others. But those of New York are absolutely unlike those of others, and cannot possibly be well directed from Washington. Over 90,000 letters were written to and by the Salary and Allowance Division of the Post-office Department last year, the larger number as to matters of trivial detail, such as brooms, twine, mucilage, etc. These could and should be attended to in the larger offices, and the saving of time, labor, and friction would be very great, and so, ultimately, would be the saving of money. It is safe to say that specific appropriations would in a reasonable time give a net surplus instead of a deficiency in postal revenues.

The principle urged by Mr. Dayton, that power should go with responsibility, is a perfectly sound one in public as in private business, and essential to efficiency. Take a single instance. Last Christmas day, when the men were entitled to a certain leave of absence, two steamers brought in 400,000 pieces of mail matter, to be distributed to all parts of the continent. Had the postmaster controlled his own expenditures, as in any private business, he would have put on sufficient extra force from that always available, and done the work promptly and easily. As it was, the work had to be done by the regular employés in over-time, without a cent of extra pay—a most unjust and bungling way of doing it. The other and better way would be for the benefit of the whole country. "A letter from an incoming steamer at New York," says Mr. Bissell, in his direct and businesslike way, "delayed an hour at that point, may fail of reaching the through train that would bring it to the Minnesota grain-buyer or Texas cotton-merchant a day in advance of the usual course. A like delay might result in failure to catch with the collected mail the quickest ship sailing for foreign ports. It will be seen, therefore, that the whole country is interested in securing the best possible service at this point." No reasonable person can deny this, and it is to be hoped that Congress will act promptly and favorably on Mr. Bissell's recommendations.

MR. CURTIS'S SPEECHES.

The second volume of the *Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, is published by Harper & Brothers. It is devoted entirely to the subject of civil service reform, and includes the reports made by Mr. Curtis in 1871 and 1872 as chairman of the Commission and of the Advisory Board appointed by President Grant, and it closes with the last and greatest of the addresses of the President of the National Civil Service Reform League, read at Baltimore in April, 1892, when Mr. Curtis did not dare trust his waning strength to deliver it. The first address was given before the Social Science Association in 1869, when Mr. Curtis's complete adoption of the cause may be said to have begun. The volume therefore covers nearly a quarter of a century, from the prime of his manhood at forty-five to his death at sixty-eight.

It would be a serious mistake to accept this volume, important and significant as it is, as giving an adequate impression of Mr. Curtis's public work. It covers perhaps the chief single field of that work, but leaves uncovered fields still larger. But what a noble, what a remarkable, record it affords! The first address is a summons to battle, bold, impetuous, defiant, fiery. It describes the issue, it unmasks the foe, it attacks his defences, it appeals to the patriotism, the honor, the intellect of the country. Then follow the official reports, calmer but no less earnest, embodying with the statement of the necessity and purpose of the reform the detailed system by which it is to be applied. In this we have the side of Mr. Curtis's rare combination of qualities which, though not unfamiliar to the readers of Harper's Weekly, is not so generally recognized by those who knew him only as an orator—the side of the man of affairs and the statesman. There are few state papers in the archives of our government that show a more penetrating vision, a broader and more comprehensive grasp of a complicated problem, a surer judgment, a keener foresight, more practical capacity. The reform system proposed in 1871 is in all essential regards that adopted in 1883, steadily advanced since, and still advancing. It has stood unharmed the attacks of desperate opponents for a score of years; it has met without defeat the examination of the highest courts; no test of widening experience has disclosed a single noteworthy flaw in its practical efficiency; it bids fair to-day to be the basis of the administration of the Federal civil service in all its future sound development.

The National Civil Service Reform League was organized in 1881, and eleven of the addresses in this volume are those of Mr. Curtis as president, at successive annual meetings of the League. Each one contains a review of the course of the reform for the previous year. They are therefore necessarily critical of what had been done, fraught with counsel, warning, argument, appeal—the addresses of a leader to the followers of the cause, to the unenlisted, to those in power, friendly or indifferent, and to the foe. The most remarkable impressions they convey are that of the thoroughness and firmness with which Mr. Curtis had reasoned out the principles he advocated, and of the wealth of knowledge, whether of past history or current affairs, that he brought to their discussion. His ideal is very high, but it is perfectly rational, and never visionary. His judgment of the course of successive administrations is searching and strictly logical, but his temper is serene, candid, and courteous. There is not a trace of the fanatic or of the partisan in this unswerving application of a lofty standard through long years of party changes, in which, quite aside from the single question of administrative reform, he took so great a share. It is not a voice crying aloud in the wilderness that we hear. It is not even the unheeded voice of wisdom in the streets. It is the voice of an active, clear-headed, well-balanced public man—for such Mr. Curtis's work and position made him—speaking certainly with rare eloquence, with uncommon elevation, and with unapproachable charm, but its utterances are reasonable, practical, simple, and timely. They, as Bacon hoped his essays would, "come home to men's business and bosoms."

Of course no such sustained product could have sprung from a narrow or shallow mind, nor from a mind as broad and deep as Mr. Curtis's in support of a reform of limited or passing nature. One of the peculiarities of chief value in this volume is that it enables the reader clearly to understand, and compels him to feel profoundly, as the author understood and felt it, the intimate relation of civil service reform to all that is best, of greatest worth, and most lasting in our civic life. He fought and labored to reform the civil service because he knew that the spoils system weakened, cheapened, corrupted the entire political system, and baffled or perverted the vital purposes of our free institutions. With him it was but carrying to a new field that contest for ordered freedom in which he had borne so noble a part. And great as were his services in the former battle, those in the later were not less, or less fruitful.

HON. THOMAS S. MARTIN,
United States Senator from Virginia.

THOMAS B. FERGUSON,
United States Minister to Sweden and Norway.—[See Page 186.]
From a Photograph by E. B. Wight.

HON. A. J. McLAURIN,
United States Senator from Mississippi.

HON. THOMAS S. MARTIN.

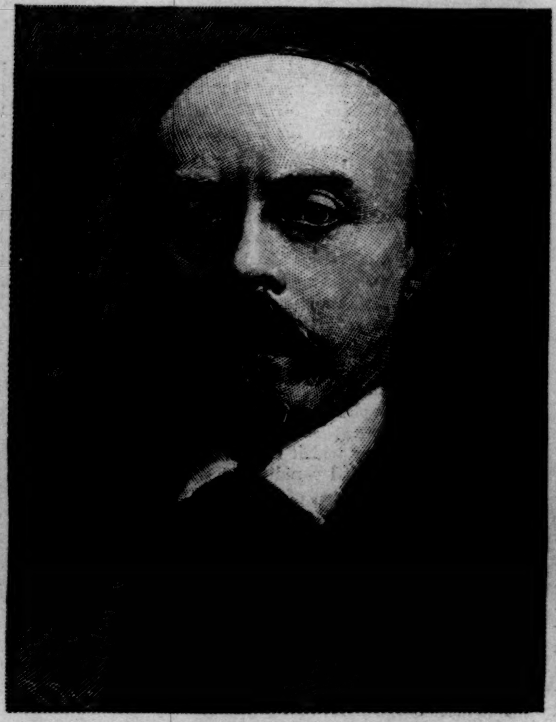
Thomas Staples Martin, of Albemarle County, was elected by the Legislature of Virginia, December 19, 1893, United States Senator for the term of office beginning March 4, 1895, and ending March 4, 1901.

He was born July 29, 1847, and is the son of the late John Samuel Martin.

At the age of twenty, in consequence of the death of his father, he found himself the responsible head of a family consisting of his mother and nine children. Mr. Martin devoted himself faithfully to these objects of his domestic care, and at the same time prosecuted his own education. After such preparation as was afforded by teachers at home and neighborhood schools, he entered, on March 1, 1864, the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, and remained with the battalion of cadets until the evacuation of Richmond. The two years next succeeding the war found Mr. Martin at the University of Virginia, in the academic department.

After the lapse of these two years he began to read law privately, being advised as to a proper course of study, and commenced to practise in the fall of 1869, since which time he has devoted himself closely to his profession. Mr. Martin is a ready debater in court, and an excellent jury lawyer. He has represented in the courts for many years the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company.

Some ten or twelve years ago Mr. Martin began taking an active part in politics, serving on the State and executive Democratic committees in an advisory capacity. His first prominent appearance in politics was when he managed Senator Daniel's candidacy for the Senate in 1885. He has never held public position, unless his connection with the Miller Manual and Labor School as one of its Visitors, and his membership of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, may be so considered. Mr. Martin rendered valuable services as counsel, at great personal expense, to the Virginia commission in the settlement of her debt, and patriotically refused any fee at all in return, either for his actual expenses or for his professional services.



THE LATE HANS VON BÜLOW.—[See Page 174.]

Mr. Martin is essentially a self-made man, and the old proverb, *faber est quisque fortunæ suæ*, is apposite to his case.

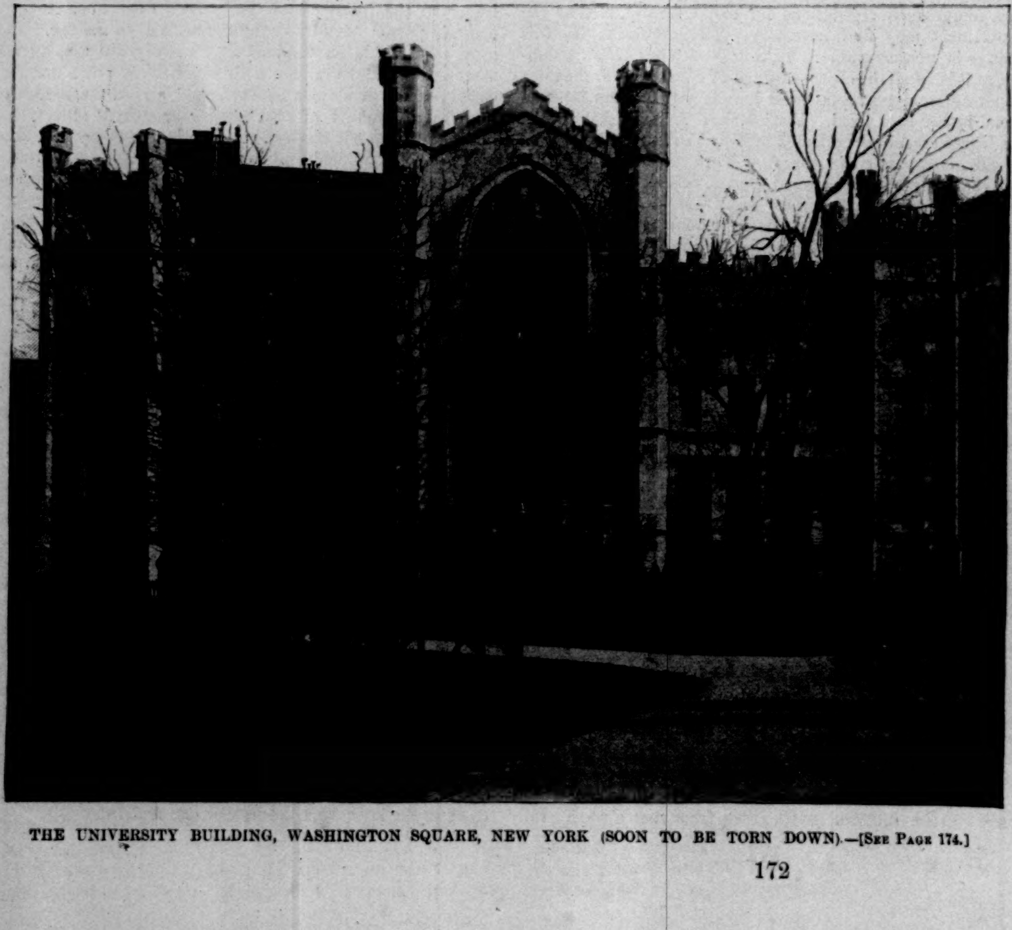
Mr. Martin is a bachelor, a man of most exemplary habits, never having used tobacco or liquor in his life, of medium height, and a splendid specimen of physical manhood. He is fond of horses, and in the last few years, at his country place, Fairview, he has been engaged in breeding thoroughbreds as a diversion.

Mr. Martin is just in the prime of life, and his friends predict for him a brilliant and useful career in the Senate.

R. H. T. Adams, Jun.

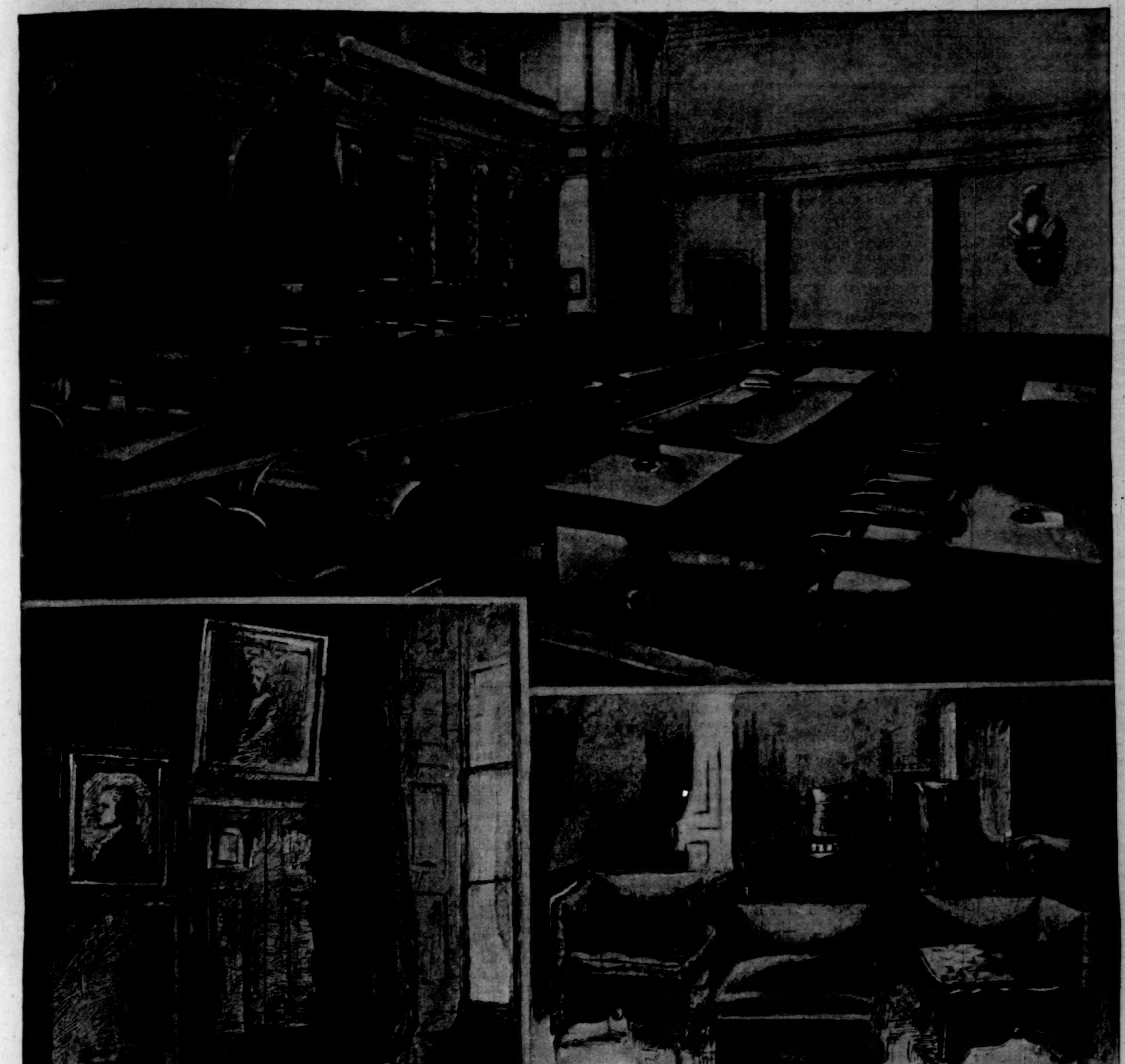
SENATOR A. J. McLAURIN.

Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, resigned his seat a few weeks ago, and Mr. A. J. McLaurin has been chosen to succeed him. Mr. Walthall's term would have expired March 3, 1895, and he was re-elected in 1892 as his own successor. It is held by some that he cannot resign the full term until it begins, and Mr. McLaurin will fill out the unexpired portion of the present term. Very little is known of the new Senator. He is yet to make his place in Federal politics. He is forty-five years old, and was a prominent member of the last Mississippi Constitutional Convention. There and in other State affairs he displayed talents which have commended him to his party. He began his new career with the excellent observation that the Democratic Senators ought to support the President. His predecessor was neither an administration Senator nor an anti-administration. He was a free-coinage advocate, but he was not a bitter and malignant foe of Mr. Cleveland or his policy. While he made his speech against the repeal of the Sherman law, he refused from the first to be an obstructionist. Mr. McLaurin believes that Mr. Cleveland was right in his criticism of Minister Stevens in the Hawaiian trouble, but beyond that his remark that the Democratic Senators ought to support the President does not seem to have meant much. He is a silver man; he favors the repeal of the ten-per cent. tax on State bank circulation. He is a tariff-reformer, and the signs are, so far as they may be gathered from the very general utterances that he is reported to have made since his nomination by the Democratic caucus of the Mississippi Legislature, that he will support the tariff bill now before the Senate, income tax and all, with a tax on raw sugar added. He seems to be an old-fashioned machine Democrat. He opposed the confirmation of Mr. Peckham because he is not loyal to the "organized Democracy," which means in this latitude that no citizen of New York can be appointed to a Federal office without the previous consent of Senator Hill, which will be granted only to one who supported Maynard.



THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK (SOON TO BE TORN DOWN).—[See Page 174.]

GEORGE W. CHILDS DREXEL,
Editor and Proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*.—[See Page 186.]



THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT AND ITS ROBING-ROOM.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker after Photographs.—[See Page 175.]

1. The United States Supreme Court Room. 2. Corner in the Robing-Room by the west Window, showing Portrait of Chief-Justice Marshall. 3. The Robing-Room—a Group of old Chairs. 4. The Fireside in the Robing-Room. 5. "Archie," the old Attendant.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

I.

THE picturesque old building of the University of New York in Washington Square is to be torn down in May, and the institution removed to a spacious site overlooking the Harlem River. The university was the outgrowth of local pride and general dissatisfaction at the limitations for higher education and the sectarian influence of Columbia College at that time. Ambitious to found an institution in keeping with the growing demands of the metropolis, the spirited and brilliant literary coterie that flourished in the late twenties chartered in 1831 the University of the City of New York. The scope of the enterprise—abreast the oldest universities of Europe—was worthy the greatest city of the New World and the character of the men who conceived it. That the time was ripe for the birth of such an educational power, and New York its proper site, was then the unanimous belief of the foremost scholars and educators of the country. So general was the interest in the establishment of the university that the newspapers were almost completely absorbed in the subject, and eulogistic pamphlets were widely distributed. Bancroft the historian was among the first to plead its need and New York as its site. "Mistress of the sea," he wrote, "New York holds in her hands the keys of the interior, is the very heart of the business community, and its pulsations are felt throughout the land."

The population at this period numbered 200,000!

The original plan of the university anticipated all that Johns Hopkins has since fulfilled.

That half a century has failed to bring the university to the high destiny decreed by its founders is irrefutable. The failure may be attributed to various causes. The views of the men identified with it were then half a century in advance of the demand in America for university work proper in art and science, a demand which is now only beginning to be made and responded to. At that time Johns Hopkins, Girards, Stanfords, were undeveloped factors of our civilization. The university was the offspring of voluntary subscription. At no time in its early history did the contribution of any one man exceed $5000. Financially crippled at the start, it was powerless to carry out the broad and liberal designs of its founders. Scarcely had the corner-stone been laid, in July, 1833, when a stone-cutters' strike, arising from the fact that material used in the erection of the walls had been chiselled by State convicts at Sing Sing, and the misplacement of one of the walls on ground belonging to the city, necessitating at great expense the demolition of the whole, retarded the completion of the building. These initial annoyances culminated in the panic of 1837, which financially embarrassed the men of wealth upon whose generosity, public spirit, and local pride the trustees had depended for the endowment of professorships.

The university's fifty years' of refining influence upon the community, its contributions to literature and science—two of the latter revolutionizing the civilized world—and the noteworthy names it has contributed to various walks of life, make it worthy of local pride and general gratitude. From its inception, with the Rev. James M. Mathews, a distinguished pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, as Chancellor, the university has drawn to its faculty men of exceptional talent and power. Remarkable is the list of foreigners who early linked their fortunes with that of the university. To their achievements the institution owes much of its prestige abroad.

The up-town tide of commerce and the inadequate facilities of the original building have driven the university to the suburbs, where, relieved from financial solicitude by generous endowment, and fortified by a half-century's experience, the university gives rich promise of yet fulfilling the object of its founders, as set forth by the president of its first council, Albert Gallatin, "to complete the studies commenced in college and to diffuse knowledge." Under the leadership of the present Chancellor, Dr. Henry M. McCracken, a man of liberal practical ideas and marked executive ability, the graduate division of the university has been organized and brought to a high degree of prosperity. Thirty courses of study are offered under the guidance of seventeen professors. The School of Pedagogy is the first of its kind in the history of education, and its successful establishment—elevating it to the dignity of art, science, medicine, or law—marks a distinct era in the educational history of the world. The admission of women to the post-graduate course and the School of Pedagogy led last year to the introduction of a "Woman's Advisory Committee"—the first university recognition of women as executive factors in its management.

II.

Steeped in historic lore, architecturally unique, the "first massive, imposing collegiate pile erected on the continent," few structures are worthier preservation than the university building. Sentiment unsustained by money has been powerless to prevent commerce from converting it to its own practical ends. Its destruction will be an irremediable architectural loss. A more beautiful site than Washington Square could scarcely have been chosen for a university. One of the largest and prettiest parks of the metropolis, it was bought by the city in 1797 for a potter's field. Thirty years later the State militia converted it into a parade-ground; but the merchant princes of the day had already begun the erection of the stately red-brick mansions whose white marble steps flank the north side of the square, preserving now "the ideal quiet and gentle retirement characteristic of 1835," when the mediæval towers, suggestive of Windsor Castle, the mullioned windows, and the massive sullen façades of the university rose above the ailantus-trees with the air of one born old.

Twenty-five years ago, writing of this historic pile, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* said: "There isn't a more gloomy structure outside Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. Facing a beautiful park of fine old trees, it ought to be a cheerful place; but it refuses to be merry, looming up there stiff and repellent—an architectural example of ingratitude."

Cross its Gothic threshold, mount its marble staircase, saunter down its arched, dimly lighted corridors, and the bustle of nineteenth-century progress dissolves into mediæval suggestiveness.

Fitting natal cradle this for the recording telegraph! Tossed in his berth while crossing the Atlantic, Samuel F. B. Morse, the accomplished Professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design, conceived the possibility of the recording telegraph, to perfect the same in his lecture-room at the university in 1835.

The decisive experiment was made upon a ten-mile wire which started from the basement and wound round and round the various rooms until it reached the tower. Messengers were stationed at the ends of the line and on the staircase to assure no fraudulent interception. Propitious moment to modern civilization when the inventor proclaimed to his little band of co-workers that the utility of his invention was assured!

Four years later, in the southeast tower, the application of photography to the representation of the human form was invented and perfected by John William Draper, Professor of Chemistry, and one of the founders of the University Medical School.

For many years Professor Draper had studied the action of light in changing the color of metallic salts, and he had long been accustomed to apply the photographic process to the solution of physical problems when Daguerre's discovery was announced in 1839. He welcomed the daguerreotype enthusiastically, made a special study of it, and in the same year improved it so much that he took by its means the first portrait of the human face.

The subject was his eldest sister, Miss Catharine Draper, who rendered him valuable aid in his scientific research. In the old Draper mansion at Hastings-on-the-Hudson Miss Draper still lives, a remarkably active spinster of eighty-five. The original photograph was presented by Dr. Draper many years ago to Sir David Brewster, of England (now deceased). In 1870 he wrote that it was as well preserved as the day it was taken. In a lumber-room in Gramercy Park is the original camera.

In these days of rapid emulsion processes the directions Dr. Draper gives for taking a daguerreotype are not without interest.

"In the first experiments I made," he says, "the face of the sitter was dusted with a white powder; but a few trials showed that this was unnecessary. On a bright day and with a sensitive plate portraits can be obtained in the course of five or seven minutes in the diffused daylight, even when an ammonia-sulphate of copper cell is interposed. The hands should never rest upon the chest, for the motion of respiration disturbs them so much as to make them of a thick and clumsy appearance, destroying also the representation of the veins on the back, which if they are held motionless are copied with surprising beauty. A person dressed in a black coat and open waistcoat of the same color must put on a temporary front of drab or flesh-color, or by the time that his face and the fine shadows of the woollen clothing are evolved his shirt will be solarized, and be blue or even black with a white halo round it. Owing to the fact that yellow and yellowish-browns require a long time to impress the substance of the daguerreotype, persons whose faces are freckled all over give rise to the most ludicrous results."

It was while sitting for his own photograph that Dr. Draper made the discovery which led to his final success. The day was excessively warm. The perspiration had melted his old-fashioned choker collar and stained it with black streaks, which the camera faithfully reproduced. He found much difficulty in photographing hair, especially the unyielding curls of the belles of 1840. Frequently Mr. Moses Hobby, master of the university grammar-school, was despatched by Dr. Draper to escort the golden-haired daughter from one of the stately mansions of the square to his studio in the tower, where he continued to experiment with the stubborn tresses until the secret of their successful photography was his.

To this same tower came frequently, although in no manner connected with the university, Samuel Colt, who perfected there the invention of the Colt revolver. The Drapers, father and sons, have, in their remarkable contributions to science, done much to promote the university's renown. Previous to 1837, when Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of the United States under Jackson, accepted the first professorship of the law school, legal instruction outside of law offices was unknown in this country. Law lectures had been delivered at Columbia College by Chancellor Kent, author of Kent's *Commentaries*, from 1793 to 1798, but had been discontinued. The efficiency of the law school during all these years has been greatly due to Mr. Butler, who proposed the plan of its organization and system of instruction in legal science. Mr. Charles Butler, his brother, the valued president of the University Council, is the oldest living member of that body. The council's vice-president, Mr. William Allen Butler, son of the founder of the law school, is the author of the popular poem "Nothing to Wear," which first saw the light in HARPER'S WEEKLY in 1857.

Albert Gallatin, who drew up the constitution, was Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, a diplomat of wide repute. His grandson, Professor Gallatin, sustains the family's interest in the university. Theodore Frelinghuysen, successor of Chancellor Mathews, was Vice-Presidential candidate on the ticket with Henry Clay during his chancellorship. He occupied the Chancellor's residence in the south wing of the university, and from its balcony made a speech to the enthusiastic followers who brought tidings of the reputed election of the Whig ticket. It took at this period three days to get the election returns from the various States. The night following Frelinghuysen's speech Polk's election was assured, and Benjamin Butler, president of the State Electoral Board, who resided in the shadow of the Chancellor's residence, addressed from his window an enthusiastic Democratic crowd. The incident inspired clever political doggerel, and is a university tradition. The succeeding Chancellors were Dr. Isaac Ferris, Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. John Hall, and Dr. McCracken.

The University Medical School, which occupies a site remote from the original building, was a success from its inception in 1841. One of the foremost medical colleges of the country, it has graduated 5800 students. Its laboratory, the gift of an unknown donor, is one of the finest equipped laboratories in the world. To the efforts of one of its founders, Dr. Martyn Paine, medical science owes the repeal of the law which up to 1854 made the dissection of the human body a penitentiary offence, thus suppressing scientific investigation.

Before the war the university chapel, abolished in 1875, was the only show place the city then had for the entertainment of distinguished visitors whom it was desirable to impress with an idea of the grandeur and superiority of things metropolitan. Hither came in October, 1860, the Prince of Wales. The Chancellor in his official robes, the students in gown and cap, council, professors, judges of the court, and a brilliant audience welcomed the Prince and his royal suite. Prince Albert, his father, told him on leaving England that America had three men with whom he wished him to shake hands and convey his compliments. The men designated, who had already won European reputation, were Professor Valentine Mott, then the first surgeon of America, Professor John W. Draper, and Professor Samuel F. B. Morse. In the upper chambers of the university building artists, bohemian recluses—a motley bevy of the curious—have found from earliest days bachelor quarters. Their mysterious coming and going, their exclusiveness, have not failed to invite the romancer's fancy. Here Theodore Winthrop laid, thirty-three years ago, the scene of *Cecil Dreeme*.

After erecting the Obelisk (January 22, 1881), Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorringe passed several years in one of the university's sky parlors; and a well-known New York journalist, on quitting his favorite chambers there, after a residence of twenty-five years, startled the public by announcing the sale of his household goods—pictures, books, and bric-à-brac—which realized $50,000.

"The peculiarity of these upper chambers," says an old resident, "is the atmosphere which forces every one to stick strictly to business; to maintain a personal isolation and reserve; to be solitary, exclusive, unobservant, and self-absorbed."

In keeping with its age, erudition, and romance were that janitor and his wife who for nearly a quarter of a century played the *concierge's* rôle from their mullion-windowed basement chambers, which command the park where the offspring of ancient Dutch aristocracy stroll on democratic footing with the foreign dregs from the regions about South Fifth Avenue.

> "You could not—
> Placing New York's map before you—
> Light on half so queer a spot"

as the university building.

To quote a character of Winthrop's romance, "It does not smell of new paint, as does the rest of America."

LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

HANS VON BÜLOW.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

THE telegraph has brought information of the death of Hans Guido von Bülow, at Cairo, Egypt, on the 12th of the current month. The musical world has been ready for such an announcement for a year past, but it will feel the loss of one of its wisest, bravest, keenest, choicest, and most aggressive spirits none the less on that account. In every department of musical activity Dr. Von Bülow has left his mark; he was piano-forte virtuoso, conductor, pedagogue, composer, and critic, and in all these capacities, except the fourth, he had few peers during a whole generation. It will be difficult for the future historian properly to estimate his influence and achievements, partly because they were obscured during the last ten years of his life by exhibitions of temper and idiosyncrasies of judgment, and behavior which it is only charitable to set down as premonitory symptoms of the mental disease which a little over a year ago made it necessary that he should be placed in a private insane asylum. Yet it is due to his memory to say that in the battle which was waged in behalf of the neo-romantic and Wagnerian schools from 1850 to 1870 there was no doughtier or better-equipped champion than he, and it is a melancholy reflection that his greatest unhappiness came from the personal relations which he bore to the men whose battle he fought. He was the son-in-law of Liszt for twelve years, from 1857 to 1869, and his wife, from whom he was divorced in the latter year, is the widow of Richard Wagner.

Dr. Von Bülow belonged to a family which has long enjoyed prominence in German letters and politics. His father was Dr. Edward von Bülow, an admired littérateur in his day, and chamberlain at the court of Anhalt-Dessau. He was born on January 8, 1830, in Dresden. As a child he was not musical—a fact the record of which would seem prosaic were it not that his case presents an intuitive, psychological, possibly also physiological, peculiarity. At nine years of age he became intensely musical, seemingly as the consequence of a severe illness. The circumstance invites speculation, and is at least worthy of consideration in a study of his characteristics as an interpretative musician. In his performances at the piano-forte the intellectual always predominated over the emotional. Perhaps some will find the relation of cause and effect in the two statements. Like nearly all German children of the middle and higher classes, he studied music well in his youth, without thought that it was to be anything else than a necessary part of æsthetic discipline. One of his earliest teachers was Friedrich Wieck, the father of Clara Schumann, and the intimacy between his father and the composer Henri Litolff, who was a frequent visitor at the Von Bülow house, stimulated the lad's musical love and ambition.

During his study years his case forms a parallel with that of Schumann. Like Schumann, he was a dilettante musician while pursuing his classical studies at the Gymnasium and his legal studies at the university, and, like Schumann, he became an artist after fitting himself for the practice of the law. Parental consent was obtained with greater difficulty in Von Bülow's case, however, and he was estranged from his family for a year, which he spent in Zürich with Wagner, whose *Lohengrin*, as performed at Weimar in 1850 under the direction of Liszt, had awakened in him the determination to abandon his chosen profession. He was no doubt greatly stimulated toward this step by his Leipsic experiences, the house of a relative, Professor Frege, whose wife was a singer, being the social gathering-place of the artistic aristocracy of the university town. From Wagner, with whom he studied the art of conducting, he went to Liszt, and perfected himself in piano-forte playing. His rise to highest position in the musical world was rapid. From 1855 to 1864 he was professor in the Stern-Marx Music School in Berlin. Thence he went, at the call of Wagner, to Munich, where he superintended the studies for the first performance of *Tristan und Isolde* in 1865. In 1867 Ludwig II. of Bavaria appointed him first chapel-master of the court opera and concerts, and director of the newly projected Royal School of Music. In 1868 he brought out Wagner's *Meistersinger*. A year later he surrendered all his posts, abandoned his wife to Wagner, and, shattered in health, went to live in Florence. Afterward he was conductor at Meiningen, Hamburg, and Berlin, and a travelling virtuoso, playing and conducting in all the larger cities of Europe and the United States. To this country he made three visits, the first in 1875, the second in 1889, and the last in 1890.

The highest honor which Dr. Von Bülow won was the rank universally conceded to him as pianist, conductor, pedagogue, and critic. He recognized that when, having become *persona non grata* to the political dignitaries in Berlin, he changed the reading of his visiting-card from "Royal Prussian Court Pianist" to "Pianist to the People." But he was dowered also with conventional titles. That quoted above he received in 1858. In 1861 he was made Knight of the Order of the Crown, and in 1883 the university at Jena conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. As a composer it does not seem likely that he will long be remembered. His was an analytical rather than a creative mind. He published about twenty works, of which the chief are a symphonic poem entitled "Nirvana," incidental music for Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, and an orchestral ballad, "Des Sänger's Fluch" (The Minstrel's Curse), after the familiar poem by Uhland. Dr. Von Bülow was a thorough man of the world, a wit, a scholar, a brilliant conversationalist, a polished writer, combining French grace and lightness of style with German frankness and strength, and, when he chose, a most charming and genial companion. He was a masterful man at the conductor's stand, but in his later years frequently guilty of foolish things, evidently conceived for the sake of causing comment. As a pianist he was an exemplar in all things up to the point when the distinctive charm of subjectivity begins. But though his playing was not hotly impulsive, it was not lacking in temperament. No player in this generation gave the intellectual pleasure that Von Bülow did to those who listened with the will of a student; neither did any other player make clearer exposition of the operation of a composer's learning, skill, and fancy. He appealed more powerfully to the seat of the æsthetic judgment than to the emotions, but his voice was always that of the composer. His hands were small, but an indomitable will power enabled him to become the greatest master of technique of his day; but he used his skill not like a virtuoso who wished to bewilder, but of the disciple who wished to expound. He leaves a widow—an accomplished Russian lady, who accompanied him on his last visit to the United States.

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

The next time you go up to the Capitol take a look at the robing-room of the United States Supreme Court. I had no idea what an interesting place it was, until I happened to go in there the other day, and found, to my surprise, that it wasn't merely a big dressing-room for the judges, as I had supposed, but a sort of private sitting-room, where they spend many a pleasant hour together.

A quaint old room it is, with high ceiling and long narrow windows. The thick red carpet and heavy damask curtains of the same rich shade seem to shut out all the turmoil of the outside world, and a restful silence pervades it, in keeping with the dignity of the court.

Portraits of dead and gone Chief Justices look down from the walls, and in the place of honor over the mantel-piece is John Jay, the first Chief Justice of them all. He is painted in a most becoming red gown, trimmed with ermine, because he was a Fellow of Dublin University, and as our new-born court didn't have its wardrobe ready at first, he had himself painted in his Dublin gown. And yet we are told that vanity is a feminine failing!

A bright fire burns in the grate, and old-fashioned mahogany chairs are drawn up cozily around it—chairs like those you come across in old Virginia country houses, made in sets of three, with tufted horse-hair cushions in the seats. Every one is familiar with the style. One chair of each set has a straight back and no arms, and the other two have one arm apiece, made stiff and straight like the back, and joining it at right angles, so that the three when put together form a sofa.

"I suppose you think these chairs just happen to be sprinkled about as you see them," said the marshal of the court, who had come in with me. "But every one is placed where it is for a special reason. The one over yonder in the corner of the fireplace is where Judge Field always likes to sit, and the little cane chair in front is for him to rest his lame leg on. This one in the opposite corner has been appropriated by one of the new appointees, but it is always associated in my mind with dear old Judge Lamar. He used to sit here, apart from the others, with a dreamy look on his face, as if his thoughts were miles away. The high-backed chair in the middle belongs to the Chief Justice, and that little desk under the window is put there to be handy for him when he wants to write."

So each judge has his own special seat, placed where he likes best, and here they all assemble every day before court opens—these nine able men who form the most imposing tribunal in this country. Most of them are gray-headed, and the constant daily intercourse has made them very fond of each other, like old college chums. Many a good story is told around the robing-room fire, and many tender associations cling to those old horse-hair chairs, which date back to the time when the present court-room was the Senate-Chamber and this was the President's room.

"Here's a fine head," the marshal went on, pointing to a picture just above him. "Judge Marshall, at the age of forty. Judge Bradley found the original old pink and black portrait in a Maryland country house, and tried his best to buy it from the old lady to whom it belongs, but she wouldn't sell it for love or money, and I don't wonder. So he had to content himself with having it photographed. And here is Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, done in crayon by his daughter, and presented to the Chief Justice as a souvenir of the honor done him when he visited Washington and was invited to sit on the bench.

"This mantel-piece makes me indignant every time I look at it, because it was put here in place of one of the finest old Italian marble mantels you ever saw, and they took it away and actually sold it because the idea was to have the decorations of American material throughout the Capitol. The old one was historical, a work of art, and suited the room so much better than this Tennessee marble affair."

Fortunately they left the chandelier alone. It is a beautiful specimen of the old-fashioned crystal type with hundreds of glittering prisms. Some of the furniture is made of old mahogany, discovered in forgotten lumber-rooms of the Capitol, in keeping with the original chairs and sofas.

In entering the robing-room I passed through a small antechamber, with presses around the walls, where the judges' gowns are kept, and a mirror hung conveniently for them to put the finishing touches to their toilets. An old darky stood bowing and smiling at the door, and the marshal presently called out to him, "Archie, can't you show us one of the judges' gowns?" In a few minutes he appeared with a rustling mass of black silk, which he proceeded to show off like a shop-girl shows a jacket—by putting her hands in the armholes and presenting the back of the garment for your inspection. "How long have you been taking care of the robing-room, Archie?" I asked, looking at his gray head and wrinkled face. "Ever since the 10th day of October, 1849," he answered, with much pride and another flourishing bow. "This here is Jedge Shiras's gown, presented to him by his clubmates when he was appointed. Feel how soft and rich the silk is. But it won't last long. They never does, on account of the jedges twistin' round so in their cheers. Yes, it takes a heap o' silk to make 'em. Fifteen yards, and they cost from $60 to $90, accordin' to the quality."

The view from the west window is very fine. The city lies at your feet, and you get a good idea of the plan, with the broad avenues radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the Capitol. Across the roofs and steeples you have a glimpse of Arlington away over on the heights beyond the river, and the graceful shaft of the Washington Monument stands beautifully outlined against the sky, challenging for the hundredth time your admiration for its simple majesty. From this window during the war one could watch through a spy-glass the manœuvres of the Confederate troops across the Potomac.

Saturday is conference day at the court. The judges meet in a large room on the floor below the court to discuss the business of the tribunal. It is a bright, cheerful library, lined with law-books from floor to ceiling, and looks very cozy and attractive. Like the robing-room, it is entered through an antechamber, which is also piled with law-books, for they are very much pressed for space. Noticing this, I was surprised to see one entire wall sacrificed to a wash-stand, with an old-fashioned mirror hanging over it. "Why don't you move those and use that space for more shelves?" I asked the marshal. "What is the use of that wash-stand when you have such a nice lavatory adjoining?" "Well, we are very conservative in the Supreme Court," he said. "I thought myself what a pity it was not to utilize all that space, so one day I had the wash-stand and mirror moved away. Presently Judge Field came in and walked slowly through to the conference-room. From force of habit he raised his eyes, expecting to see his face reflected in the mirror as usual. Missing it instantly, he stopped short and demanded of the servant why it had been taken away. When the reason was explained to him he made no further comment, except to say to himself, half aloud, 'I've looked at myself in that mirror for more than twenty-five years, and now it is gone.' He really seemed to feel as if an old friend had deserted him, so while the conference was going on I had everything put back just as it was before, and when the judge again passed through on his way out, and turned to look at the vacant wall, he stared hard for a moment, and then said, in a dazed sort of way, 'Well! I would have sworn that mirror wasn't there this morning.'"

The manner in which the Supreme Court is opened is very impressive. The judges file in slowly in their black silk gowns, and as they appear the crier calls out: "The Honorable the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States—Oyez, oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court!" The spectators all stand during this ceremony, and anybody who absent-mindedly or ignorantly remains seated is instantly stirred up by the venerable old negro doorkeeper. The Chief Justice takes his seat in the middle of the bench, and the eight Associate Justices range themselves on either side of him, taking precedence according to the number of years they have served, the seat of honor being, of course, on the Chief Justice's right hand. Judge Field occupies it now. He is an aristocratic-looking man, with an old-fashioned courtliness of manner very rare nowadays, and wonderfully beautiful hands. His face and head are so strikingly like the poet Tennyson's that everybody remarks on it. He was appointed from California by President Lincoln.

John M. Harlan ranks next on the bench, appointed from Kentucky by President Hayes. This great big hearty Kentuckian is a man of much ability, as is proved by his being selected by President Harrison to sit in the Bering Sea conference in Paris last year. Justice Harlan tells a first-rate story, and his contagious laugh is a good thing to hear. Next to him comes Horace Gray, the giant of the court, who stands six feet three in his stockings. He was appointed from Massachusetts by President Arthur, and his dignity and learning are in proportion to his stature.

David J. Brewer, the youngest man on the bench, was appointed from Kansas by President Harrison, and is a nephew of Judge Field. He is tremendously popular, and has a clean-shaven, fine face, like an old portrait. He is constantly called on for after-dinner speeches, and always responds with much cleverness and humor. Henry B. Brown follows next, appointed from Michigan by President Harrison. A delightful man he is, with charming manners and the kindest heart in the world.

Justice George Shiras comes from Pittsburg, and was also appointed by President Harrison. He is a man of polish and high standing, and has a most attractive face. The last appointment made by President Harrison was Howell E. Jackson, of Tennessee. He is a typical Southern gentleman, genial and brilliant in conversation.

It is unnecessary to add that Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller is from Illinois, and was appointed by President Cleveland during his first administration. Though physically a small man, he is most striking in appearance on account of his fine head and remarkably beautiful white hair, which he wears rather long.

The fact that President Harrison should have had the opportunity to make four appointments on the Supreme Bench is very remarkable. Such a thing has never happened since the court was first organized.

The ninth seat on the bench is now vacant, because of the recent death of Justice Blatchford.

The court-room is delightfully comfortable and bright, with warm red carpets and curtains. I noticed many improvements since I was there last, especially the red-damask hangings just back of the bench to keep off the draught. They make a charming background for the gray-headed judges. This room is full of associations with some of our greatest men, and a diagram on the walls shows the exact spot where Daniel Webster stood when he made his famous speech, and the place where Henry Clay sat in the old days when this was the Senate-Chamber.

The two marble mantel-pieces behind the bench are ornamented with the thirteen stars of the original States, and the gilded spread-eagle above the Chief Justice's seat used to overhang the Vice-President's chair.

There are four or five small boys who serve as pages to the judges, and stand behind their chairs while court is sitting, so as to be handy to carry notes and messages. They are usually under twelve years of age, and only serve about two terms, because older boys who were constantly present during important discussions and decisions of cases might betray state secrets, and make no end of trouble.

Judge Lamar, who died last winter, was one of the characters of the court. A gentleman of the old school, he was always making fine speeches to women, and there are no end of stories told about him. On one occasion he was taken to task by a lady at Bar Harbor who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, Judge," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me; I met you here two years ago." "Remember you, madam!" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows; "why, I've been trying ever since to *forget* you." And she laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, go away, you dear, delightful old Southern humbug!"

A READER'S OATH.

Nay! Colonel Newcome is not dead to me,
Nor ever in my span of life shall be,
For, while I live and love and have thy eyes,
I'll not peruse the lines wherein he dies.

John Kendrick Bangs.

NEW YORK IN SLEIGHING-TIME.

The generous snowfall which came down upon New York city and vicinity last week with an old-time winter swoop was one of those visitations which at periods convince New-Yorkers that winter does not always mean Januaries and Februaries of slush. In other words, there are years of famine and years of plenty, and also years of exactly neither plenty nor famine, in the matter of snowfalls for the great metropolis. As a single visitation this storm rightfully belonged to a year of plenty, but it served to make a compromise out of almost a barren year, and to bring considerable joy and satisfaction to all those who enjoy out-door life, and especially out-door life in winter. It brought that rarest of pleasures to New-Yorkers, good sleighing.

There are two classes of persons in New York who enjoy sleighing—those who have the sleighs or who can get them, and those who have to look on. The class envious sulks out of sight and doesn't appear, and so we have little to do with its members. The place of the carnival is Central Park. When in January the first real snowfall came people generally said that it was a good thing. It meant a day's work for the unemployed. It also meant a frolic for the youngsters in such humorous attempts at coasting as only a big city affords. Others made use of that venerable expression that it was good for the farmers. When last week's storm arrived, and the jingle of the bells was heard in the narrow city streets, and across the white fields of picturesque Central Park, a smaller proportion of the public said it was good for another reason—it gave the rich a chance. It also gave thousands an opportunity to see the rich enjoy that chance, and there you have the two classes who throng Central Park at a sleighing carnival.

When one thinks of the cost and necessary incidental outlay of sleighing outfits, with their plumes and robes and other trappings, that man must have a dwarfed soul who does not rejoice at an occasion for their use, even though some one else and some one's else family or sister is wrapped in the robes and feels the swish of the plumes across their faces in the smart wind. Even if one can't own the turnout himself, it is worth going to Central Park to see the man who drives his three horses abreast before a Russian sleigh, primarily for his own enjoyment, and secondarily because he knows that thousands are looking at him. That is why he drives that kind of a sleigh. An old-fashioned cutter would run as smoothly, but neither he nor the spectators would enjoy the afternoon's pleasure one-half as much were he in the cutter instead of a royal turnout.

Brilliant indeed is the spectacle in the park when New York gets on runners. The sport isn't entirely for the rich, either. Although one sees the swell turnout of the millionaire, the comfortable family establishments of the Knickerbocker set, the sleigh gorgeous and the sleigh subdued, he also sees the livery-stable cutter and the closed carriage on bobs. Towards evening the German grocer and his family come out, and after dark the tin horns of the Roosevelt Street or Cherry Hill sleighing party are heard as they dash by the mounted policeman, who fears that there will be trouble when their beer-cases are finally emptied. Some of those who go toward making up this crowded and gay pageant, ever moving in double lines through the highways of the Park, do their own driving, and others have their driving done for them, with a footman to assist the coachman in keeping up the family dignity. Late at night the young man who suspiciously drives with one hand appears, and invariably he has a cutter and some one with him.

As a result of it all those who drive come home with faces aglow and spirits high, and those who look on see probably the most attractive out-door show of the sights of a great city.

A. F. Matthews.

THE BOSTON CADETS' ARMORY.

The military home of the First Corps of Cadets, the body-guard of the Governor of Massachusetts, now building in Boston, will be in many respects the finest armory in this country. It is situated on the corner of Columbus Avenue and Ferdinand Street, almost in the heart of the business portion of the city. It is to cost when fully completed about $400,000, and is built wholly at the expense of the corps itself. Although entitled to accommodations in the other armories, provided by the State, the cadets have long cherished the plan of building their own, and the present structure, now rapidly nearing completion, is the result of years of preparation.

The armory consists of a head house or administration building of four stories with a tower and drill hall, and occupies an entire lot, 110×261 feet. On both the Columbus Avenue and the Ferdinand Street sides is an area giving light to the basement; and at the end of the drill hall is a twelve-foot passageway guarded with strong iron gates, which will be used by the corps when marching to and from the armory in a body. The basement of the head house itself will contain dressing-rooms for the officers and non-commissioned staff, rooms for the musicians, armorer, and a billiard-room. In the basement of the drill hall will be the boilers, toilet-rooms, and store-rooms, lockers, closets, and lavatories for the men, rifle-range, and bowling-alley. On the first floor of the head house is the "corps-room." This will contain a platform and suitable furniture for corps meetings, and will be adorned by an immense fireplace, decorated by members of the corps. The room has a stud of twenty feet, allowing a gallery which leads to the rooms for the staff and the adjutant. In the tower room of this story will be placed the corps library. The drill hall itself is 100×200 feet, having a gallery at one end, and a narrow balcony across the other end and sides. This gallery will seat comfortably 400 people. The drill hall has two entrances, one at the end opening into the passageway referred to, and one on the Columbus Avenue side, defended by a massive drawbridge, which is carefully constructed for actual service. The second floor of the head house is devoted to a large foyer, opening into the gallery of the drill hall. The third story of the head house is given up entirely to the use of the Massachusetts Military Historical Society, and in these rooms will be placed the extensive and valuable military library of John C. Ropes, Esq. The collecting of this library has been the work of a lifetime, and it contains rare volumes upon every point of military history and work, complete regimental histories, and priceless manuscripts and autographs of noted military characters. It also includes Mr. Ropes' library of Napoleonic history, admittedly the most famous and complete outside of the French Republic. The society will hold its meetings in these rooms, and to these meetings the corps have admission, as well as access to the library itself for consultation.

In the fourth story is a large room suitable for gymnasium, squad drills, entertainments, etc. Over the fourth-story room in the tower is another room, to be used as a museum for relics and manuscripts connected with the history of the corps.

Accommodations will be furnished for the Veteran Association of the corps, which is incorporated and holds the title to its property; and the fine members who contribute annually to the support of the corps will have general access to the entire building.

All the windows are provided with sliding or folding steel loop-holed shutters, opening from within. The entire "water-shed" of the armory is made available for collecting rainfall in cisterns, from which it is pumped into a large tank on the roof, and used for supply and fire purposes.

The building is constructed entirely of steel and granite, and equipped with the most improved methods of lighting, heating, plumbing, and elevator service. **Arthur L. Spring.**

THE RIGHT REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.

A PATRIOTIC PRELATE.

The numerous public who have been reading Bishop Coxe's vigorous letters to Monsignor Satolli might fancy them written by some youthful champion, so lustily does he charge and so evidently "drink delight of battle with his peers." But, in fact, the author of these masculine letters, which have a strain of Junius as well as of Pascal, is now in his seventy-sixth year.

Born May 10, 1818, and graduated in 1838 with the highest honors from the University of New York, where for another year he studied under the famous Hebraist Nordheimer, he next entered the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. The son of an eminent Presbyterian divine, exceptional circumstances had early made him a Churchman.

He was ordained a deacon in 1841, and was immediately elected the first rector of St. Ann's, Morrisania. The next year saw him in priest's orders and rector of St. John's, Hartford, Connecticut, where he lived in close personal relations with many eminent scholars. There he was also connected with Trinity College as a trustee and as an honorary professor, but declined the honor of the presidency.

In 1854 he accepted a call to Grace Church, one of the principal parishes in Baltimore. He was called in 1863 to Calvary Church, New York, which charge he retained until 1865, when, after having declined several other elections to the episcopate, he accepted the office of Assistant Bishop of Western New York, succeeding to the see on the death of Bishop De Lancey. Among the academic honors he has received is the degree of D.D. given by the University of Durham (1883) on the occasion of his appointment to preach in Durham Cathedral after the Lambeth Conferences.

These are the chief landmarks in a life of constant activity. In ecclesiastical matters Bishop Coxe's work has been felt in the Old World as well as in the New; yet he has never considered that his clerical position absolved him from the active duties of a citizen and a patriot in a republic which he has constantly loved, and whose institutions he has studied and defended with intelligent ardor. The Bishop has been known in literature for more than half a century. As early as 1838, while still an undergraduate, an article from his pen, in the *Biblical Repository*, "on the poetry of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth compared and estimated," attracted great attention; and since then he has always been in demand as a contributor to periodical literature. Not to mention earlier works, his principal literary success as a writer of books was achieved by his *Christian Ballads*, which, after repeated editions, is still in demand.

This was followed in 1855 by the *Impressions of England*, a delightful work, which was received with great favor in England and at home when first published, and which, indeed, well deserves to be reprinted. It is full of observations on manners and society, most refined, intimate, and marked by the good sense and loyalty of one who, while loving England much, loved his own country more.

These books are only specimens of a long list in prose and verse. *Athanasion* (1840), and *Saul, a Mystery* (1855), contain many fine lines and imaginative passages. A poem on Westminster Abbey, to which the Bishop is at present giving his leisure moments, may be expected to afford felicitous opportunity to his peculiar tastes and talents.

Bishop Coxe is also well known to many hearers as an admirable lecturer on English literature, with which he has been intimately familiar since his boyhood. In these days, when we see the singular spectacle of professors of English who know all about their native tongue except how to write it and speak it, it is a rare treat to hear the Bishop, untrammelled by notes, expound the beauties of some favorite classic with a diction as free from pedantry as it is replete with spontaneous and delicious idiom.

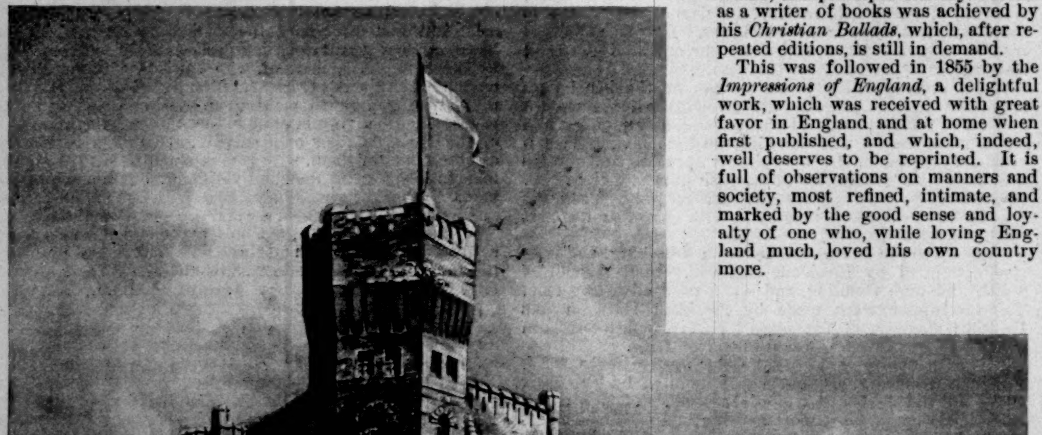
It would not be in place here to dwell on the Bishop's purely ecclesiastical work. There is one movement, however, of general interest of which he might say, with good reason, "*pars magna fui.*" From his earliest years he had been a diligent student of ecclesiastical history, and especially of the development of the papal system. Among the first to realize the importance of the work which Hirscher began in Germany, and which ultimately led to the Old Catholic movement, he also first made Hirscher's work known to the English public in his *Sympathies of the Continent*. From that time the Old Catholic movement has been, sometimes officially, and at all times privately, a subject of the keenest interest to him—a cause which he has constantly furthered by timely advice and the powerful aid of his pen, and in furtherance of which he participated in the Old Catholic Congress at Heidelberg, and effected the placing of the Gallican work in Paris under the care and patronage of the Archbishop of Utrecht and the Jansenist Church of Holland.

The attitude recently shown in his letters is nothing new in the Bishop's history, and has been dictated by an enlightened patriotism and devotion to our institutions, and especially to our common-school system, which he regards as the palladium of our liberties so long as the Bible in the English version is not driven from it. At the beginning of the late civil war he was, as rector of a congregation composed almost exclusively of Southern sympathizers, in a position which tested to the utmost his loyalty to our Constitution and the firmness of his principles—a position full of trials and of delicate situations. But the Bishop, who has never been a trimmer, preserved the most unswerving fidelity to the Union, thereby winning the respect even of those who were opposed to him politically, many of whom again became his loyal friends after the war was over. To-day he believes that the Constitution is in itself a document that implicitly recognizes Christianity; but in defending the place of the Bible in public schools he is influenced by motives of educational utility as well as of principle. In the recent movement for the deeper study of English, our schoolmasters are just beginning to discover the beauties and value of King James's version, and are gravely urging it, as if this were a new mine they have been the first to light upon. The Bishop has long been an ardent lover of the old version for its transcendent literary merits, and has seen that as an educational aid it might be well for our children to grow up hearing the music of those noble words and rhythms, and drinking in some charm against the curious mixture of slang and vulgarity which is so rife in our juvenile literature and magazines.

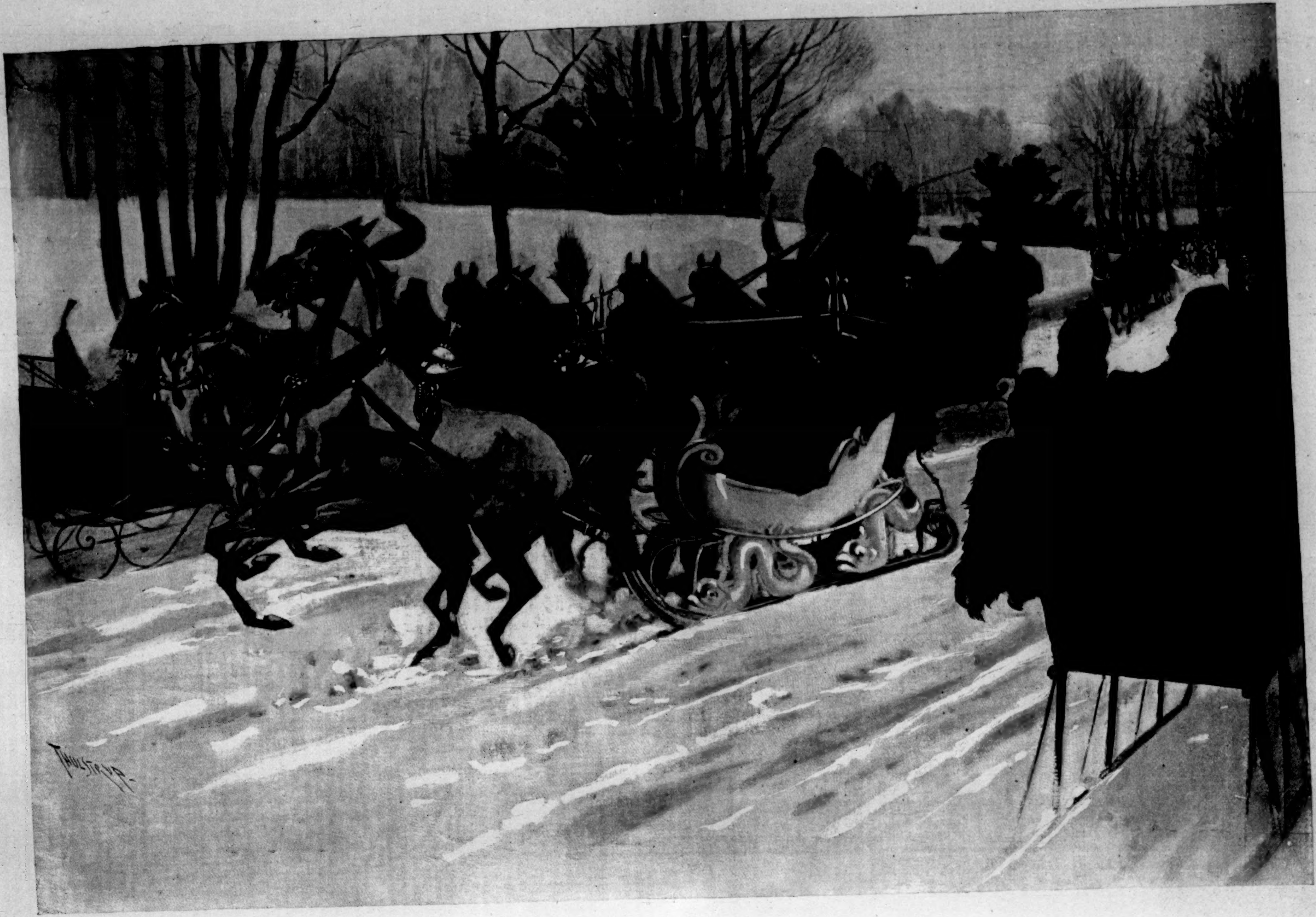
In harmony with these sentiments and principles the Satolli letters were written in a cause which is not so much a question of theology as of the vital interests of the vast majority of the citizens of the United States. For theological controversy pure and simple this perverse generation has little taste—there are so many doctors of divinity, and they disagree so bewilderingly. The reason why Bishop Coxe's letters have commanded a wide attention is that the common schools and our right of self-government are involved in the controversy. Of all the religious bodies that build their churches in the United States the Roman Catholic alone inherits the tradition of a temporal power, together with the political meddling and the divided allegiance which that tradition imposes.

We may suppose that to members of his own communion the ablegate brings words of healing and advice; but to the country at large he brings, of necessity, the omen and menace of an alien, encroaching, quasi-political ecclesiasticism. Those to whom the task of speaking the plain truth savors of rudeness and ungraciousness toward a distinguished foreigner should remember that Bishop Coxe is not the originator of the awkward and ugly saying which he quotes: "*Litera scripta manet.*" We may all wish that the words could be blotted out. But since they stand, they are of grave import, and it is well that the American people should awaken to their import. We hear it said that our republic has the digestion of the ostrich: it is managing and assimilating Slavs, Italians, and Bohemians, Turks, Jews, and infidels. It will probably be able to stomach the Jesuits successfully too. But our confidence in our powers is often too youthful and serene. We sleep the lazy sleep of a good-natured giant, unconscious of the arrows of the Lilliputians; then we awaken with a smart, and feel that the arrows are poisoned and the mischief done. The people of Boston awakened this way not long ago, and freed their minds in Faneuil Hall; in our own State we are all just now very wide awake to the portentous fact of Mr. Sheehan and his dictatorship. But very few are aware of the wide-creeping roots from which Sheehanism sprouts and flourishes. It is here and there and everywhere. Teachers of schools and publishers of school-books can give their evidence of the constant effort that is made to expunge the plain historic truth from text-books, if the truth happens to hurt the feelings of a Roman Catholic. No other religious body pretends to claim any such insidious privilege.

The price of freedom is vigilance; and our countrymen have reason to be grateful to the veteran watchman who sounds the alarm in those letters. As a citizen his life has been a useful protest against the languid indifferentism which cankers modern democracy. Late may he put off the harness from that fiery spirit which in other times might have led some crusade to victory, which knows and craves no rest so long as it sees a principle to maintain or an error to be combated!



ARMORY OF THE FIRST CORPS OF CADETS, BOSTON.—Drawn by C. D. Graves from Architect's Design.



SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 175.]

THE WINTER ROBIN.

Sursum Corda.

Now is that sad time of year
When no flower or leaf is here;
When in misty Southern ways
Oriole and jay have flown,
And of all sweet birds, alone
The robin stays.

So give thanks at Christmas-tide;
Hopes of spring-time yet abide!
See, in spite of darksome days,
Wind and rain and bitter chill,
Snow, and sleet-hung branches, still
The robin stays!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THIS BUSY WORLD

OVER the door of the new Public Library in Boston is a seal carved in stone. Mr. Kenyon Cox designed it. Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens carved it. It is a shield bearing an open book, and supported by two little naked boys, each holding a torch, while dolphins twist about their feet. On Thursday, January 4th, an order was introduced at the meeting of the Common Council of Boston requesting the Mayor to have the trustees of the library "eliminate the objectionable features of the art decoration in the façade of the new Public Library building directly over the entrance." Just which the objectionable features are is not stated. They may possibly be the little naked boys, and, oddly enough, that notion gets considerable credence. The better opinion is that the dolphins offend the Boston fathers as being too suggestive of codfish. Whichever it is, the case is mighty curious, and suggests that there are more statesmen ripening for elevation to the United States Senate than the most fertile imagination could have conceived.

Perhaps, after all, it would be as well to annex Hawaii, and abolish clothes there, and use the place as a training-ground for Americans who suffer from an untimely and perverted sense of shame. It was believed that one of the results of the Chicago Fair would be to lessen the number of fool Americans with nasty minds, but the signs of very recent times indicate that that expectation is to be disappointed.

A most interesting form of charitable relief is the loan-office opened in connection with the parish-house of St. Bartholomew's Church, on East Forty-second Street, in New York. Through its agency sums of money not exceeding fifty dollars are lent at six per cent. interest on household furniture. The idea of a loan-office or pawn shop where poor people could borrow money on personal property at moderate rates is not new, but the obstacles to its successful development have generally hindered a fair trial of it until this year. Within a few months the general distress among industrious and ordinarily well-to-do people has forced the plan into operation in several cities. In Boston, we believe, one or two such loan-offices have been started, and another in Rochester. In the latter city loans are limited to ten dollars, and are only made to deserving people in actual need. There never has been any doubt that if money were offered at low interest on the security of household goods, the demand for it would be abundant. The objection to undertaking as a charity the business of lending it has been the probable difficulty of getting the loans paid back. It has been felt that a charitable organization would not finally take the property, but would simply let the security follow the loan. If the St. Bartholomew's office, by conducting its loan business on business principles, can demonstrate that such a business can be made to support itself, it will do a much bigger and more important thing than if it proves itself to be merely an agency through which money can be given away. If such a business as it has begun can be made to pay its own expenses as a loan business, it will probably be established on a permanent basis, and continue to help the poor long after the present hard times have passed away. But these times are especially well adapted for the trial of the experiment, because of the unusual number of responsible and tolerably thrifty families that are in straits because their wage-earners are out of work.

> "Mr. Joseph Choate is again to be sought as the counsel to the committee, upon the choice of whom the thoroughness of the investigation must depend."—*Daily Paper.*

It would be a considerable relief to an earnest and deserving metropolitan community if one or two new duplicate editions could be issued of the Honorable Joseph Choate. There seems not to be enough of Mr. Choate to go around. It is not pretended that he has lost any of his strength or savor, or that a little of him will not go quite as far as formerly. There is no trouble about the individual at all. The prevailing scarcity of him is not due to any failure of the supply, but purely to an increased demand. It has come to a pass when if anything is afoot that calls for an exceptional combination of readiness of wit, sagacity, gumption, discernment, and knowledge, a flavor of Choate is considered all but indispensable. Almost equally indispensable to the metropolitan taste is the flavor of Potter, but the supply of that is more commensurate with the requirements, thanks partly to the bishop's energy, and partly to the capacity of a single loaf to feed a multitude when once it has been blessed by the church. And in that there is an idea, and perhaps the bishop might know how to give it practical application. It calls for a miracle, to be sure, but the situation requires nothing less. And if the metropolitan multitude could be made to sit down, and Mr. Choate, with Heaven's blessings, could be so distributed that all demands would be met, and basketfuls of him left over, that surely would be a miracle worth working, and one that would delight the good and make the unrighteous squirm.

The Princess Colonna, who has lately come back to America with her children, was exported from this country early in life, and before it was possible for her to appreciate the large variety of pastimes that the land affords and the desirable quality of its polite associations. If she should determine to settle in New York she will become an object of friendly and sympathetic solicitude to at least four hundred citizens of Gotham, and an object of interest to very many more. She would not only find New York a good town to live in, but she would be entitled to hope that her presence there would serve a good purpose in affording a perpetual reminder to American women that the world offers many very expensive privileges which are not worth the money which they cost. For her sons Andrew and Mark, who are still of tender years, the transition cannot but be a fortunate one, since the impression prevails generally, and with much intensity, that whereas the business of growing up a Roman citizen is not what it was, the prospect of developing into an American voter abounds in glowing and alluring possibilities. New York will be glad to see the Colonnas, and the Colonnas will have profited inadequately from a dear and varied experience if they are not glad to see New York.

Most Eastern people, even those who studied geography before the war, know that there is a Western town named Kansas City. The natural inference is that Kansas City is in Kansas, just as New York city is in New York, and most Eastern people think so. But a respectable minority of exceptionally well-informed persons have learned, and are proud of it, that Kansas City is not in Kansas at all, but in Missouri. A mere handful of expert geographists out of this respectable minority have gone farther still, and ascertained that while Kansas City is in truth in Missouri, and has 132,000 inhabitants, and ranks twenty-fourth in size among the cities of the United States, there is another town of the same name situated in Kansas, whereof the population reaches the respectable number of 38,000 souls.

Will not the obliging reader agree with this paragrapher that there is more to learn about this ambiguous town of Kansas City than there should be, and more than the average citizen can be expected to acquire. One of the Kansas City's should change its name, and get a new one by which it can be identified at sight.

The idea has been evolved in Boston that a good portrait of Washington would look well on the walls of every American public school. So it would; very well, indeed, and the features of the Father of his Country are good features to impress upon the minds of the rising generation. Good portraits and good pictures generally are very salutary for young eyes to rest upon, and give a desirable turn to young imaginations. No better beginning of the sort could be made than by hanging up Washington's portrait, to be followed some time by others; Lincoln's, for one. Some of the pictures of the World's Fair buildings would also make good school pictures, and are easily come by just now.

The assembly known as the Tuskegee Negro Conference holds its third annual session on February 21st at the Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama. It is a meeting of representatives of the working negro population of what is known as the Black Belt, who desire to forward the elevation of the colored race. The Conference last year was attended by eight hundred persons, and the good effects of it are said to have been apparent. The Conference this year will be followed by a meeting of officers and teachers of colored schools in the North. The disposition of the negro population of the Black Belt to work together for their own good is greatly to be commended, and such annual meetings as this at Tuskegee are a hopeful sign of serious educational purposes.

E. S. MARTIN.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

HON. GEORGE F. HOAR, the senior Senator from Massachusetts, has attained to the first rank in the United States Senate and before the country for commanding talent and broad statesmanship. He is equally prominent for his scholarship and learning, and as a debater and orator he has few equals. No one surpasses him in the extent and variety of his learning, in his familiarity with the classics, with ancient and modern history, and especially with that of his own country. His reputation is based on solid attainment and an ability to present and enforce with rare power the reasons for his convictions and conclusions, from the avowal of which or their logic he never shrinks. Add to this the keenest of wit and the most pointed repartee, and few men since he has been in public life have been more formidable in debate or have reached a higher standard of argument in Congressional speeches and addresses than Mr. Hoar. The *Congressional Record* bears ample testimony to the high order of his statesmanship, and to the great power and abundant wealth of pungent rhetoric and striking illustration which he brings to his support of the position he occupies on public questions. His public addresses, especially those relating to historical questions, and his contributions to the current literature of magazines and other periodicals, have been so frequent as to excite the surprise of friends, who know how laborious and exacting are his public duties, that he could find time and strength for productions so rich in thought, so powerful in argument, and so finished in style as is everything which comes from his pen. There have been occasions in Congress when he has been master in great debates upon the gravest of the questions which in troubled times have agitated the public mind. His prepared speeches on these occasions will not suffer in comparison with similar efforts of his most distinguished predecessors.

He excels as a conversationalist, and his charming social qualities make him a favorite in society, and his presence at the dinner table is much sought and enjoyed. His friendships are enduring, and no one who has been admitted to the inner circle of his friends has failed to be drawn nearer and closer by his attractive personality.

Mr. Hoar, on both sides of the house, was born to a great inheritance of brain power, which has not suffered by descent. His father, Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, Massachusetts, was a leader of the bar of his State for many years, great in all the branches of the law and in the wider field of jurisprudence, and was no less a leader in the political movements of the times in which Massachusetts took the initiative and direction. Earlier than Sumner and Stephen C. Phillips and Charles Francis Adams, arraying the State against the encroachments of slavery, he was ever their counsellor and efficient coadjutor. His mission to South Carolina, by the appointment of his State, in behalf of her colored citizens there imprisoned, is a well-known chapter of history, and his family is justly proud of his share therein. His name is enrolled among those most esteemed and trusted among her distinguished dead. Senator Hoar shares his great qualities with his brother, Hon. E. R. Hoar, who was both Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Grant.

On his mother's side Mr. Hoar has been equally fortunate. He is the grandson of Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, that great patriot of Revolutionary and Continental times, as well as of the early days of the constitutional republic. Of him alone can it be said that his name is affixed to the Address to the King, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States—the four most celebrated state papers in our history. He was a great leader in all the councils which produced those immortal documents, and the moulding influence of his mind was felt in the guidance not only of the State of Connecticut but of all the colonies in those critical times, to the final establishment of the national Constitution. He was afterward United States Senator from Connecticut under the Constitution. Hon. William M. Evarts shares likewise with Mr. Hoar the intellectual inheritance of this branch of this distinguished family, being the son of another daughter of Roger Sherman.

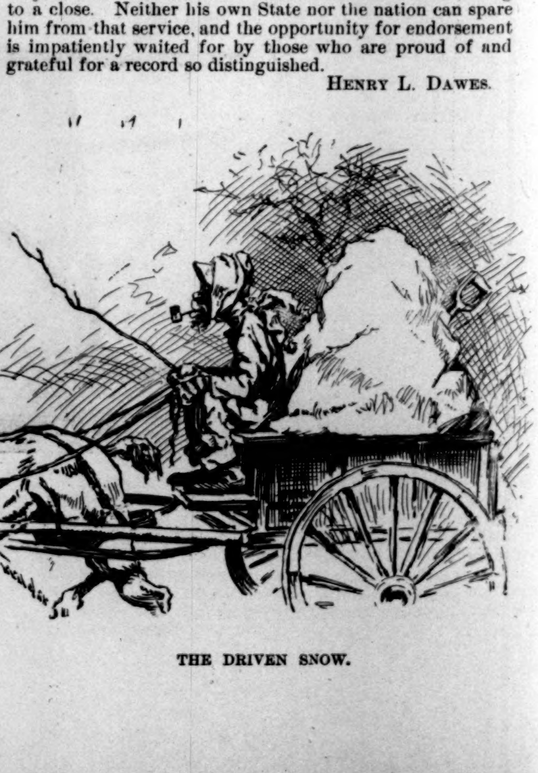
Mr. Hoar, thus richly endowed, has by fidelity of preparation for the public service equipped himself as few, if any, have done for the constant and multiplied demands made upon those it enlists. He is not a specialist in legislation, as is of late the tendency, but participates in the general discussion of the variety of measures daily presenting themselves for consideration; and taking in the whole range of debatable questions, he is always prepared to maintain by clear and forcible argument the conclusions at which he arrives. It was his ability as a lawyer which put him early upon the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, and afterward at the head of the same committee of the Senate. It was his constitutional learning which led to his choice by a House of adverse politics as one of the famous Electoral Commission, and it was his knowledge of parliamentary law as well as his impartiality which made him president of the most exciting and turbulent National Convention the Republicans ever held. And it was all his varied attainments which led to an offer of the Attorney-Generalship of the United States.

He is strong in his political faith, but has ever stood unflinchingly for the right as he sees it, regardless of any division line in party politics. Thus he threw his entire weight, in a speech which will outlive unnumbered volumes of other matter in the *Congressional Record*, against the mad participation of his own party in the war made upon our treaty obligations with China. Thus, too, in the recent extra session he came manfully to the support of Mr. Cleveland against the majority of the Democratic party in his demand for the repeal of the Sherman law. In the same spirit, this time with his party associates, he led the attack upon the Hawaiian policy of the administration, and struck blows from which the boldest supporters recoiled. He stands, with his hand on the hilt, for the right wherever it is threatened with assault, and appears at his best when the fight is thickest. If he sometimes draws blood, it is always in a righteous cause. Occasionally he draws from the arsenal of a mind stored with the riches of classic lore and the lessons of history an arrow, which he sends straight through all subterfuge to the vital point of debate, and leaves it quivering in the heart of the opposition. He is a constant and reverent reader of the Bible, and from its wealth of precepts he often takes his most striking illustrations and arguments.

One of the most distinguishing elements of his public service, longest to be remembered, is the constant and untiring efforts he has put forth in behalf of the down-trodden and helpless colored race under the Constitution and law, and for their intellectual and moral elevation. He has never failed to lift up his voice in support of every practical measure tending to these ends, and against any obstacles thrown in their way. No man since Lincoln and the war has struggled harder to put these people in reality where the Constitution in theory places them. Unflinching, unswerving, and unsparing as has been his attitude at all times on this question, he has, nevertheless, with it always dealt most generously and liberally with every measure that would restore the waste of the war and build up the new South. Appropriations for the improvement of her rivers and harbors on the most liberal scale have always received his hearty support. The appropriation for the restoration of the old and historic William and Mary College, which had been battered down in the war, originated with him, and was carried through by his personal effort. The removal of the obstructions in Charleston Harbor found in him an earnest advocate. His statesmanship is too broad for party division or sectional lines.

Mr. Hoar has been now twenty-five years in the public service at Washington. He had previously made an honorable record in both branches of the Legislature of his own State, and the highest places of honor and dignity in her gift have been tendered to him. He might have been her Governor, or judge of her highest court. But the broader field of the nation's service has demanded and has won the undivided measure of his ability. A quarter of a century of such a record as he has made is rare and priceless in the annals of the public service. It is gratifying to know that it is held at its true value in the public estimation, and nowhere so highly as by the constituency he has so long and so ably served. His third term in the Senate is now drawing to a close. Neither his own State nor the nation can spare him from that service, and the opportunity for endorsement is impatiently waited for by those who are proud of and grateful for a record so distinguished.

HENRY L. DAWES.

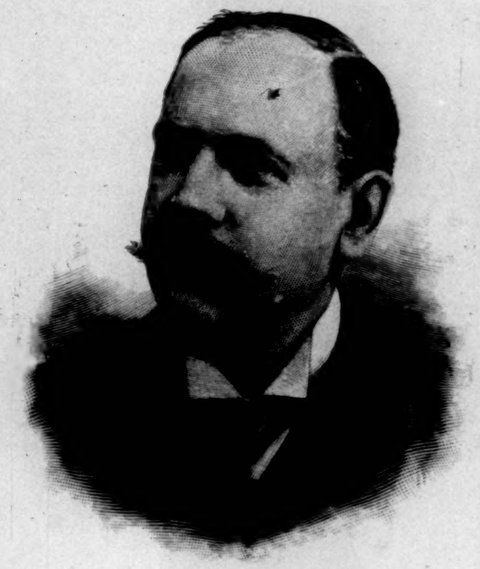


THE DRIVEN SNOW.

JULIAN RALPH.

Being asked to write about Mr. Julian Ralph is like being asked to write about my favorite horse, or any other matter of course with myself. It's the best old horse in the world, to be sure; and Ralph, he is the most interesting man I ever met, besides being the best sort of fellow. There may be those in the world who would d—— him, but one can hardly expect me to do it, even with faint praise, and yet what I say of him is only half of the good he deserves.

He was born in New York city; and of all the conventionalities which New York has produced, he is the most New-Yorkie. It should not be imagined by this that he is a "dude," for that is not the only convention, or, indeed, the best type, produced here, but that he is very worldly, as befits a metropolitan bringing up, and is easily and quickly at home in the most unheard-of places. He was sent away to a boarding-school when so young that it did not affect his character, and then he got a college education in a printing-office. He did newspaper assignments in the back alleys, on the docks, in the hospitals, during the riots, and he has told New-Yorkers in the columns of the *Sun* how murders were done in the dark places. He has described the misery of the dirtiest slums and the brilliancy of the gayest scenes. He did the Molly Maguires, going among them into the mines and to their secret rendezvous. Eighteen years as a "special" on a New York newspaper is liable to broaden a man, and produce a fund of expanse which is beyond the ken of folks who run up and down all their lives between two points like a street car. It has enabled him to put himself in full sympathy with Indians who were most strange to him. He is about the first New-Yorker who ever wrote about the West without sneering or the South without preaching. A man can be provincial and yet be big. It is not the lot of most Americans to be able to reduce their geographical centre of gravity to a point between Park Row and Madison Square. In time it is possible for clever people to imitate the character and to play the part of a metropolitan man, but one cannot hope to deceive those to the manner born, which is what Ralph is.



Julian Ralph

After a newspaper career which has put him where he is regarded by most of his profession as the first reporter of the town, he has become known to a vastly wider circle as a contributor to Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly. Out of that development has come the authorship of his books on *Canada's Frontier*, *Our Great West*, and *Harper's Chicago and the Fair*. In these directions he has fulfilled the promises of his old career. In Park Row he is famous as a man who can write columns of reports by the yard long about great political conventions, inaugurations of Presidents, yacht-races, and whatsoever is absorbing the public attention. He has produced armfuls of good manuscript in the midst of the most terrific excitement, assisted by dozens of aids and messenger-boys, working on and on, all day and into the night, in a brain-reeling way which is miraculous. He has the "wide-open eyes of a baby" in his method of looking at things; he is original, and always fresh. He drops into a Canadian forest, a Mississippi steamboat, or the private depths of the inner office of the greatest men in America, and the Indians, the negroes, and the great men warm up instinctively and tell him the secrets of their lives. It is possible for Mr. Ralph to go right to a total stranger and become engrossed in the man's own private, personal, or business affairs in twenty minutes, and when others would be unceremoniously kicked out of the place, his strangers like it, and unburden their cares. That he ever himself developed a personal interest in any politics or business interest I could never discover. It is perhaps this disinterestedness, coupled with his reassuring appearance and personal tact, which makes this possible. The "fad" in particular which the best newspaper men cultivate is that they "never betray a confidence," but the commonest conversations in which Ralph indulges with people who "fare his way" are rendered to the public in so delicious a way that every one knows the girl on the Mississippi steamboat and her vulgar love-affair. I have seen him fishing through the ice for half an hour, with a trout tugging at his pole, while he developed the mental character of an Indian hunter, and finally lost the fish, but saved the dialect of the poor aborigine for our consumption.

Mr. Ralph's strength lies in his strong sympathies, his curious and often amusing views of things, his unconventionality, his strong color sense, and the absolute accuracy of his vision His travels for the Harpers have made the United States and Canada Mr. Ralph's study-room. As it were, Tacoma is the mantel-piece, Colorado is an easy-chair, Florida is a picture on the wall, Montreal is a bookcase, and New York city is a desk. For so large a study-room he probably knows it as no other man does in his profession. Its people are his bric-à-brac, and he loves his objects of art, and most of his curios love him—except that now and then when such a big man is moving around in great haste he may knock over some small object, but that is to be expected and excused.

If I were to strike the key-note of his character I should say "human nature"; of that he is "chock-full"; and when you can run the scale of that on a man's character you are liable to produce all the sounds.

As to his profession, he is as proud of it as any Royal Archer who ever sailed to France for glory with the mail-clad cavaliers. He has done good service in it, and his aims have always been exalted.

Personally he is a good fellow, as I have said; and that should not provoke a sneer, since the country is not over-populated with them; and from his long experience and travel and meetings with all sorts of men he has such a vast fund of information that one almost despairs of ever broaching a subject with which he is not a little familiar.

It is better in these days to study the dollars rather than the people of this world, as Ralph does; for writers are the modern monks for economy and self-sacrifice—let us say the soldiers, for they are always in the thickest of the fray, thinking with might and main when all is gay; composed in the calamities which overtake mankind. They go when the sun shines or when the rain pours; and they are in the field when the bullets and microbes fly thickest.

Frederic Remington.

HOW A TOURIST SEES RICHMOND.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Perhaps it would be more interesting to describe how a man who has studied the chief cities of his country for the Messrs. Harper goes to work to find out their specialties and sources of wealth and peculiar characteristics, but as that is never done twice alike, and as it consists in hearing what everybody has to say, and then in boiling it all down into something that looks to the author like a composite photograph done in English, it is not to be the subject of this writing. Here I am going to tell what is far less novel to the average reader—how a tourist sees a city that is strange to him. I never was a tourist in that position until the other day, when the city was Richmond, Virginia, and my companion was Mr. Frederic Remington. We had awakened there in a Pullman car which went "no farther."

"Richmond!" said my companion, pronouncing the word as if it were an explosive. "Think of my being in Richmond! My father tried for four years to get into Richmond, along with the rest of an army. I'm glad I'm here." Queer what trains of thought spring from what unlooked-for sources. Remington spoke as if he was surprised at being able to add Richmond to his visiting-list without an army at his back. And proud, too, because of the stubborn fighting that was directed from the old capital, for Remington delights in war and soldiery. His manner brightens and his eyes snap when war is the theme. He would have been a war-horse had he been a horse at all.

"Let's play tourist, and see the place from a hack window. We need not leave until to-morrow morning." A telephone brought a cab, and on it a very spruce darky driver with more white than common in his skin. Being directed to let down the top of the conveyance, he did so. On the street corner, sunning themselves, were several negro men. We had inquired about them, and learned that they were in the habit of taking the sun in that particular spot so as to be at hand in case any one wanted an errand run (an expression that ill suits the Southern negro's methods) or a job of light work done. One of the negroes more than once volunteered advice to our driver as he was putting down the carriage-top, and the driver at last replied, not angrily, but yet pointedly: "Who's doin' dis yer? Ef I'm doin' it, I kin do it."

The intrusive negro on the hotel corner at once walked out toward the curb, revealing himself in full figure—a Guinea negro, with a bullet head, enormous lips, little eyes, high cheek-bones, and a skin like that of a wet seal. He whipped out a knife with a long thin blade, opened it, and held it close to his coat as if to hide it. "Come down yer," said he, "an' I'll cut yer heart out." Our driver did not accept this peculiar but hearty invitation, and the incident ended, in my mind, by the starting of the carriage. "That feller'd rather be in jail than anywhere else," says our driver, as he tightens the reins and starts on a tour of Richmond.

Turning into Main Street, we got a view of an uncommonly fine and impressive broad thoroughfare of shops and warehouses, so much of a Broadway as to surprise a student of the growth of the South, and as to dispirit an artist on the lookout for the primitive, the backward, and the beautiful. The driver turned on his high perch, and inclining his whip toward a little low stuccoed building that looked like a remnant of an ancient city wall, or like a fraction of an old fort, remarked: "That yer is de oldes' house in de city, as near as folks kin remember it. It's three hundred years old. It's located on de spot whar Richmond was first sot on."

It was what is known as "The Old Stone House," and we went into it, driven thither by its quaint appearance, the driver's words, and the fact that it was maintained as a museum. Its offering to the public consists of two small low-ceiled rooms divided by a narrow hallway and littered —there is no other word for it—with curiosities pertaining to all our great wars except the one with England in 1812. Nothing about it or in it seems to have any certain historical value, and yet there is a genuineness about the age and character of the sentimental rubbish that is on sale there which, like the evident antiquity of the building, causes one to linger there, and even to make purchases there. What is evidently true is so inextricably blended with what is evident nonsense that the place is fascinating. The first room —that on the right—is pointed out as "the one in which Sir Walter Raleigh was kept a prisoner before he was taken to England to suffer death." It has a cupboard in it under a staircase that is declared to have been "Washington's wine-closet," though it is not much too large for a prohibitionist to use for the same purpose. The room across the hall has an announcement on the wall declaring it to be "'Washington's and Lafayette's sleeping *de*partment." The Confederate buttons, the Federal belt buckles, the Indian arrow-heads, the Mexican war relics, and the flintlock muskets are all as genuine as sunlight, and yet the man in charge declares them all to have been found at Malvern Hill or Seven Pines. Thus in ten minutes we discovered that to go about "loose," as tourists, without the guidance of good authorities in book and flesh, is to wander in a delicious maze of uncertainty, wonder, and speculation. However, when I did reach my authorities they said that the old Stone House was "a mystery and an enigma," so all was well. A slight anachronism presented itself in the building in the presence of a man from Raleigh, North Carolina, who interrupted the museum-keeper as he ventured the suggestion that Pocahontas's father built the house, by inquiring whether we gentlemen from New York could tell him whether Mitchell really meant to fight Corbett for the championship or not.

We saw more of Main Street and the old-fashioned market that faces it, and then, diving into a district of factories and prosaic warehouses, fetched up at the site of Libby Prison. There we obtained more tourist information, and noted again that the tourist always catches the spirit or color, as one might say, however dubious may be the rest of what is imparted to him.

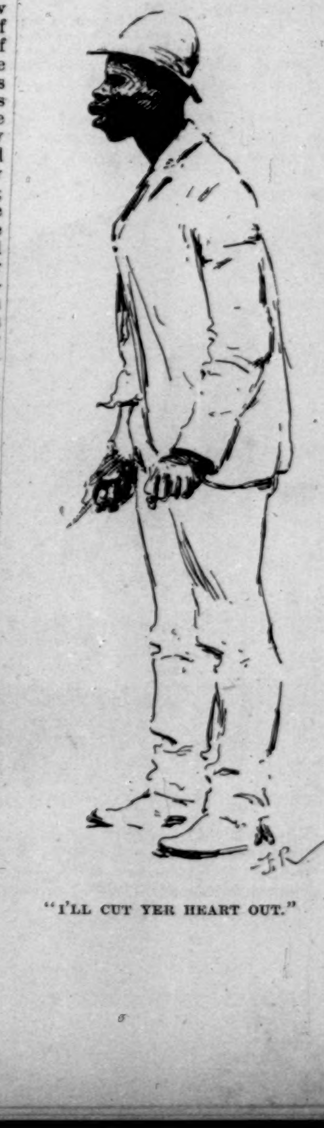
The driver, still using his whip as a schoolmaster makes use of his ferule before a blackboard, chattered glibly about the old Confederate prison. Meantime we projected our minds to Chicago, and recalled the appearance of the old sugar-house as it now stands there—its present use mocking its past seriousness, and inflicting a sad penalty for a momentary lack of sensibility on the part of the South under the hot fire of Chicago's irreverent enterprise. Our driver, too, had better have been in Chicago than in Richmond, judging by the point of view from which he gossiped. The South, the seat and field of the war, has its own tales, some false, and more that are genuinely bitter, to distinguish its reminiscences, just as the North has. If we were to hear any, we would have preferred one to the manor born. But I am telling how tourists travel, not how they ought to.

"I done took a gen'leman and hees wife out ter drive one day," said the driver, "an' when he came yer he pinted out dis yer prison, an' I heerd him tell hees wife how him an' de other prisoners got hungry, and they arsked permission fer to write home to de Norf fer pervisions. In a few days de boxes done come, but de gen'leman an' de res' ob de pris'ners dey didn't git 'em. De Confed'rate sojers done took de boxes an' open 'em on de sidewalk front ob de prison. De prisoners looked out, an' seen de boxes sot out dar, an' seen 'em open 'em, an' de fust things in 'em was wine, and de sojers opened up de bottles, and drunk, 'Here's luck to de Yankees.' De hams an' other delicacies which war in de boxes dey 'stributed through de town amongst de wealthy people, and dat night de prisoners got salt codfish fo' supper."

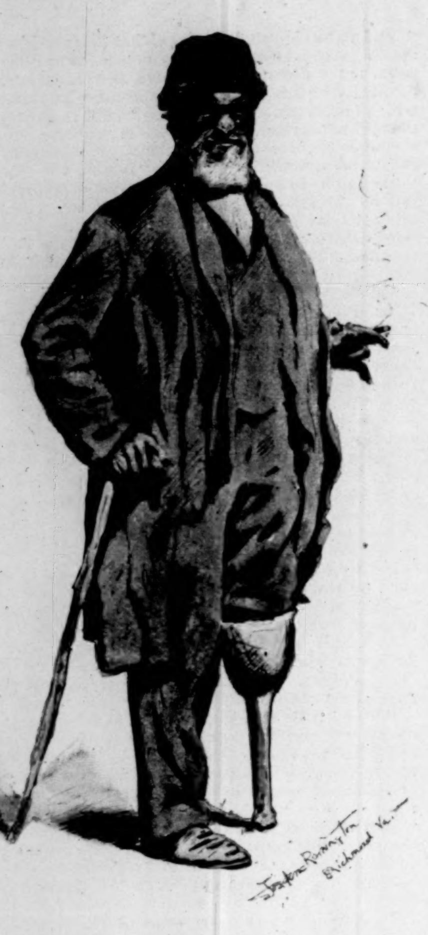
The innumerable negroes in the streets lent added picturesqueness to the scenes among the old warehouses and the wrecks of once fine dwellings, that now were the quarters of the poor in that part of Richmond in which we drove. The wenches with bandanna turbans on their heads; the darky drivers of heavy wagon-loads seated sidewise on old cavalry saddles on the horses; the groups of idle blacks in front of the saloons—these helped to make Richmond far more foreign and peculiar than its modern Main Street and its distinguished-looking avenues of fine latter-day dwellings. Such modern improvements are the delight and pride of the residents, no doubt, but how far would a stranger travel to see them?

Beyond a valley and on a high hill we came to a picturesque old church standing like a citadel high above the other streets, which, in seeking the common level, have been cut away below and around it. The reader guesses at once that it was St. John's Church, one of the most famous of the cradles of our liberties. And so it was, but to the tourist it is introduced with these words:

"Gen'lemen, dar's ole Sun Jawn's. It's got de ole pew in it whar Patrick Henny stood an' says, 'Give me lib-



"I'LL CUT YER HEART OUT."



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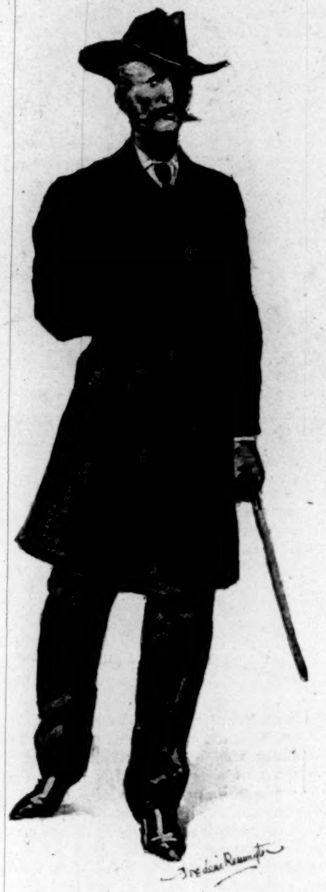

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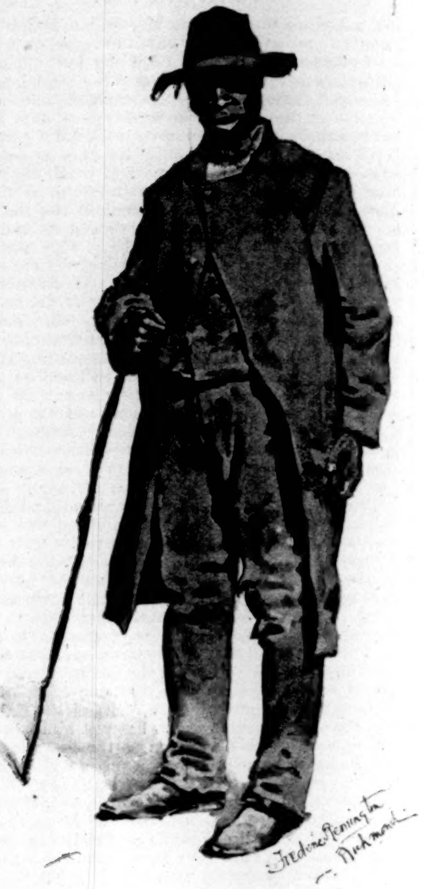


AN OLD-TIMER.

erty or give me death.' Dey keeps it jist de way it was, an' de white folks considers it one of de greates' curosities sence de war."

We debark with alacrity, and crossing the ancient graveyard, find it possible to enter the building, which was but thirty-five years old when Patrick Henry stirred the rebellious spirits around him, though now it boasts one hundred-and-fifty-three years. It is a little church now, and yet then it was but half as large, only twenty-four feet by sixty-feet, the custodian said. At that size it was the largest building in Richmond—a fact that, coupled with a thousand others, makes us try to realize how small were the buildings and how simple the luxuries and comforts in Washington's time. The pulpit stood in the eastern end, where now is a side door, and the pews are now all changed except those along the western side, and they have been cut down from their old-fashioned height. It is therefore impossible to find the pew in which Patrick Henry stood, but the spot has been fixed by one who heard the patriot and who now sleeps in the shadow of the building. The quaint old pulpit and its sounding-board are the selfsame ones that quivered when Patrick Henry spoke.

The care-taker shows all willing tourists some very interesting old tombs and graves. One in particular bears this not unfamiliar rhyme:

"Stop, my friends, as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now you soon must be.
Prepare yourself to follow me."

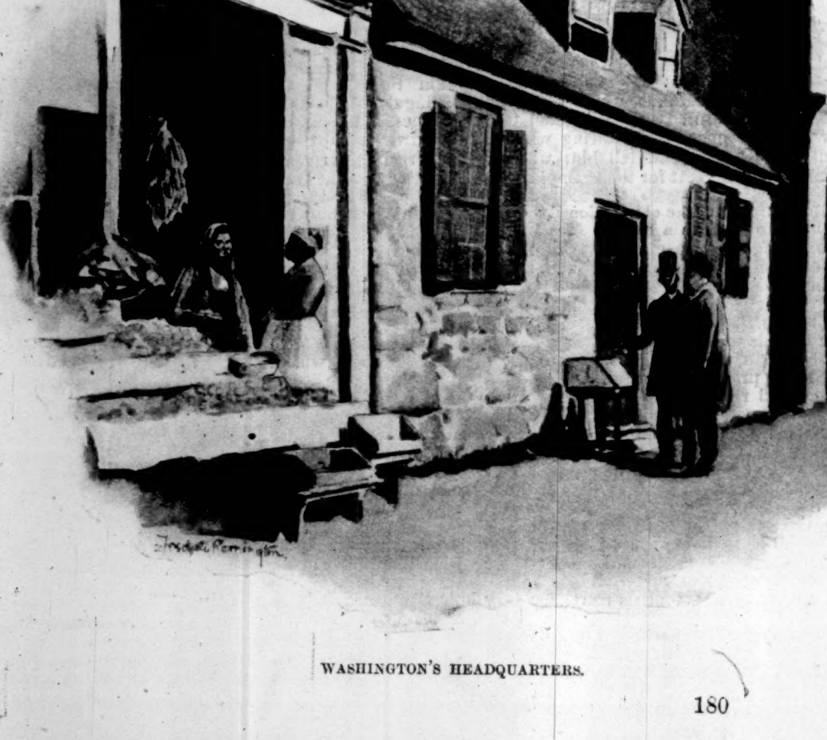
According to the care-taker, other tourists than us have told him that this same rhyme occurs in a graveyard in Boston, with this couplet added:

"To follow thee I'm not content
Unless I know which way you went."

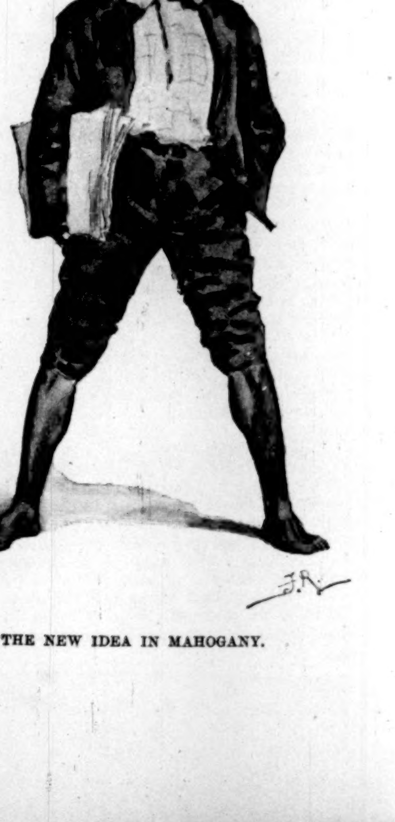
But the mortuary relic of greatest interest to me was an enclosure made by a high and costly iron railing, where the graves have been levelled by time, the hinges of the gate have rusted, and neither the officers nor the records retain any information of those who were interred there, or of the family that interred them. Was ever Death more relentless or extinction more complete?

So we rode about the city, having pointed out to us the fine old monumental church, the dignified Richmond Theatre, and the exquisite park with its abundant foliage embowering the city's noblest statue and ennobling the view of the splendid Governor's mansion beyond. The old parts of the town interested us most. The splendid mansions of the time "befo' the wa'," with their kitchen quarters forming ample buildings in themselves, the pitched roof and dormer-windows, the balconies above the garden—old enough and pretty enough to satisfy a tourist in an older land than ours. A shockingly bare big church became worth a second glance when we heard that it was pastor John Jasper's, and that it and he owed their prosperity to the renown he got by insisting that our mundane knowledge is at fault, and that "the sun do move," and not the earth. We were in what is called "Africa" at this time, the negro quarter, where one sees faces black enough to make a hole in a dark night, but where the little houses are often well kept and pleasing to the eye. Mr. Remington made both the old and the young stand before his pencil. The experience was new and puzzling to them, but the children went away with nickels and the adults with quarters, all grinning alike.

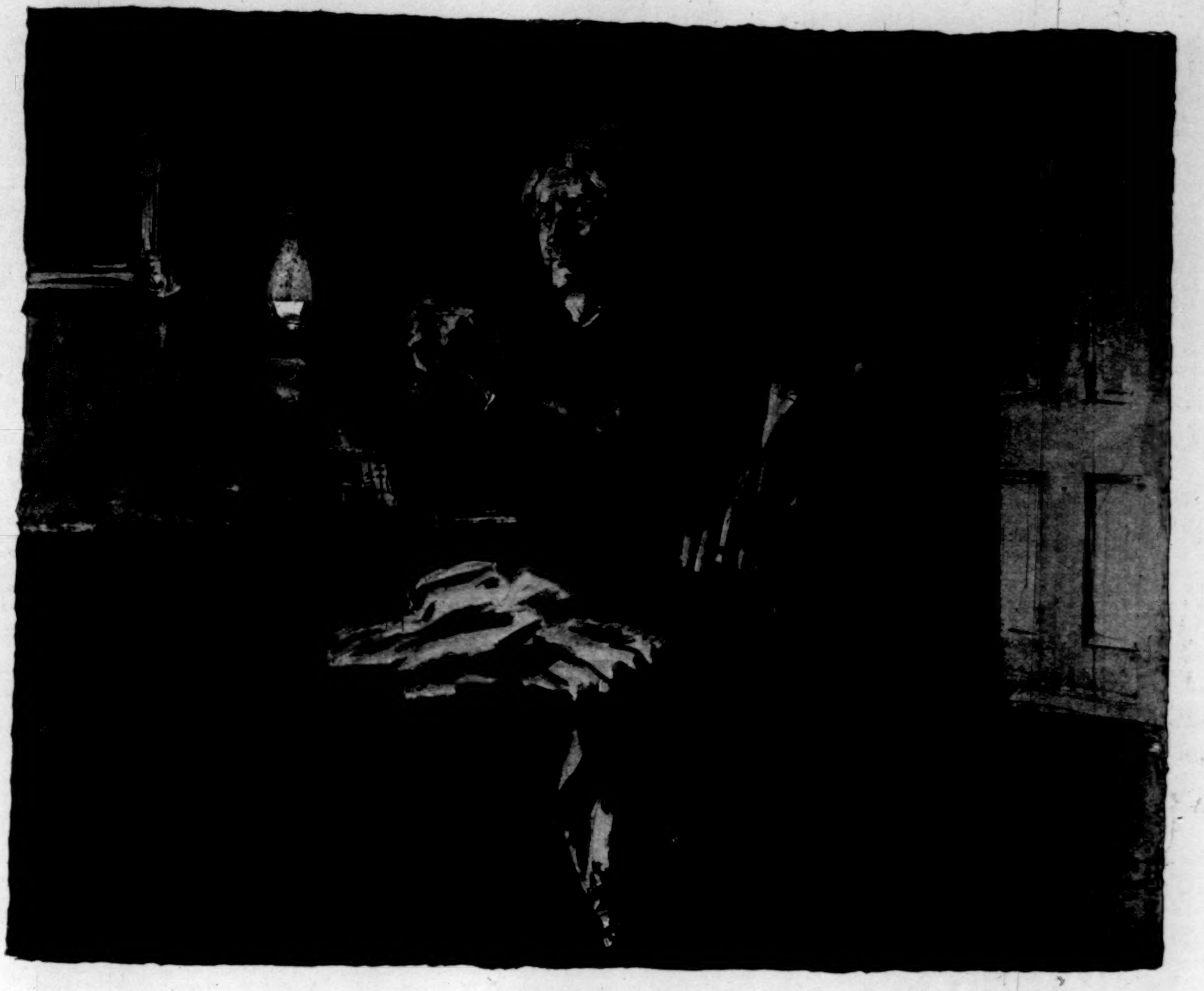
Best of all that is in Richmond I liked the ancient State Capitol, copied far from exactly after a building in France which Jefferson admired, built before our Constitution was formulated, and having as a mere episode in its lifetime a stormy service as the Capitol of the Confederacy. To-day it is sacred for all Americans. It shelters Houdon's Washington, and its historic walls are burdened with paintings in number and character ample to form a gallery of the portraits of famous Americans. Pocahontas's sad face is there, and so are the countenances of Light-Horse Harry Lee and Jefferson, of Captain John Smith and of President Tyler and his father, a one-time Virginian Governor. Generals Johnston and Jackson and Robert Lee and Fitzhugh Lee are in the painted assembly, put there by a reverent prompting which every true man respects. From the basement to the roof there is no spot in the splendid and substantial old edifice whose story or ornaments do not stir the heart of all Americans who go there. It teaches us that the whole country is bound by ties stronger and warmer than accident or commerce can make, for Richmond's Capitol is hers only in name and in trust. In full fact it is as much ours in New York and in Bangor and San Francisco, in Texas, and wherever the stars and stripes are flung out.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.



THE NEW IDEA IN MAHOGANY.



"Many a long task of needle-work had she done in the silence of the night."

PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Rebecca entered the house her mother was standing over the stove making milk toast for supper. The boiling milk steamed up fiercely in her face. "What makes you so long behind the others?" she demanded, without turning, stirring the milk as she spoke.

"I guess I ain't much, am I?" Rebecca said, evasively. She tried to make her voice sound just as it usually did, but she could not. It broke, and took on faltering cadences, as if she were intoxicated with some subtle wine of the spirit.

Her mother looked around at her. Rebecca's face was full of a strange radiance which she could not subdue before her mother's hard inquiring gaze. Her cheeks burned with splendid color; her lips trembled into smiles in spite of herself; her eyes were like dark fires shifting before her mother's, but not paling.

"Ephraim see 'em all go by half an hour ago," said her mother.

Rebecca made no reply.

"If," said her mother, "you staid behind to see William Berry, I can tell you one thing, once for all, you needn't do it again."

"I had to see him about something," Rebecca faltered.

"Well, you needn't see him again about anything. You might jest as well understand it first as last, if you've got any idea of havin' William Berry, you've got to give it up."

"Mother, I'd like to know what you mean!" Rebecca cried out, blushing.

"Look 'round here at me!" her mother ordered, suddenly.

"Don't, mother."

"Look at me!"

Rebecca lifted her face perforce, and her mother eyed her pitilessly. "You 'ain't been tellin' of him you'd have him, now?" said she. "Why don't you speak?"

"Not—just."

"Then you needn't."

"Mother!"

"You needn't talk. You can jest make up your mind to it. You ain't goin' to marry William Berry. Your brother has had enough to do with that family."

"Mother, you won't stop my marrying William because Barney won't marry his cousin Charlotte? There ain't any sense in that."

"I've got my reasons, an' thet's enough for you," said Deborah. "You ain't goin' to marry William Berry."

"I am, if you haven't got any better reason than that. I won't stand it, mother; it ain't right!" Rebecca cried out.

"Then," said Deborah, and as she spoke she began spooning out the toast gravy into a bowl with a curious stiff turn of her wrist, and a superfluous vigor of muscle, as if it were molten lead instead of milk; and, indeed, she might, from the look in her face, have been one of her female ancestors, in the times of the French and Indian wars, casting bullets, with the yells of savages in her ears—"then," said she, "I sha'n't have any child but Ephraim left, that's all!"

"Mother, don't!" gasped Rebecca.

"There's another thing—if you marry William Berry against your parents' wishes, you know what you have to expect. You remember your aunt Rebecca."

Rebecca twisted her whole body about with the despairing motion with which she would have wrung her hands, flung open the door, and ran out of the room.

Deborah went on spooning up the toast. Ephraim had come in just as she spoke last to Rebecca, and he stood staring, grinning with gaping mouth.

"What's Rebecca done, mother?" he asked, pleadingly, catching hold of his mother's dress.

"Nothin' for you to know. Go an' wash your face and hands, an' come in to supper."

"Mother, what's she done?" Ephraim's pleading voice lengthened into a whine. He took more liberties with his mother than any one else dared; he even jerked her dress now by way of enforcing an answer. But she grasped his arm so vigorously that he cried out.

"Go out to the pump an' wash your face an' hands," she repeated, and Ephraim made a little involuntary run to the door.

As he went out he rolled his eyes over his shoulder at his mother with tragic surprise and reproach; but she paid no attention. When he came in she ignored the great painful sigh which he heaved and the pudgy hand clapped ostentatiously over his left side.

"Draw your chair up," said she.

"I dun'no' as I want any supper. I've got a pain. Oh dear!" Ephraim writhed, with attentive eyes upon his mother; he was like an executioner turning an emotional thumbscrew on her.

But Deborah Thayer's emotions sometimes presented steel surfaces. "You can have a pain, then," said she. "I ain't goin' to let you go to ruin because you ain't well, not if I know it. You've got to mind, sick or well, an' you might jest as well know it. I'll have one child obey me, whether or no. Set up to the table."

Ephraim drew up his chair, whimpering, but he fell to on the milk toast with ardor, and his hand dropped from his side. He had eaten half a plateful, when his father came in. Caleb had been milking; the cows had been refractory as he drove them from pasture, and he was late.

"Supper's been ready half an hour," his wife said when he entered.

"The heifer run down the old road when I was a-drivin' of her home, an' I had to chase her," Caleb returned, meekly, settling down in his arm-chair at the table.

"I guess that heifer wouldn't cut up so every night if I had the drivin' of her," remarked Deborah. She filled a plate with toast and passed it over to Caleb.

Caleb set it before him, but he did not begin to eat. He looked at Rebecca's empty place, then at his wife's face, long and pale and full of stern rancor, behind the sugar-bowl and the cream-pitcher.

"Rebecca got home?" he ventured, with wary eyes upon her.

"Yes, she's got home."

Caleb winked meekly. "Ain't she coming to supper?"

"I dun'no' whether she is or not."

"Does she know it's ready?"

Deborah vouchsafed no reply. She poured out the tea.

Caleb grated his chair suddenly. "I'll jest speak to her," he proclaimed, courageously.

"She knows it's ready. You set still," said Deborah.

And Caleb drew his chair close again, and loaded his knife with toast, bringing it around to his mouth with a dexterous sidewise motion.

"She ain't sick, is she?" he said, presently, with a casual air.

"No, I guess she ain't sick."

"I s'pose she eat so many cherries she didn't want any supper," Caleb said, chuckling anxiously.

His wife made no reply.

Ephraim reached over slyly for the toast-spoon, and she pushed his hand back.

"You can't have any more," said she.

"Can't I have jest a little more, mother?"

"No, you can't."

"I feel faint at my stomach, mother."

"You can keep on feelin' faint."

"Can't I have a piece of pie, mother?"

"You can't have another mouthful of anything to eat to-night."

Ephraim clapped his hand to his side again, and sighed, but his mother took no notice.

"Have you got a pain, sonny?" asked Caleb.

"Yes, dreadful. Oh!"

"Hadn't he ought to have somethin' on it?" Caleb inquired, looking appealingly at Deborah.

"He can have some of his doctor's medicine if he don't feel better," she replied, in a hard voice. "Set your chair back now, Ephraim, and get out your catechism."

"I don't feel fit to, mother," groaned Ephraim.

"You do jest as I tell you," said his mother.

And Ephraim, heaving with sighs, muttering angrily far under his breath lest his mother should hear, pulled his chair back to the window, and got his catechism out of the top drawer of his father's desk, and began droning out in his weak sulky voice the first question therein: "What is the chief end of man?"

"Now shut the book and answer it," said his mother, and Ephraim obeyed.

Ephraim was quite conversant with the first three questions and their answers; after that his memory began to weaken; either he was a naturally dull scholar, or his native indolence made him appear so. He had been drilled nightly upon the Assembly's Catechism for the past five years, and had had many a hard bout with it before that in his very infancy, when his delicate health admitted, and sometimes, it seemed to Ephraim, when it had not admitted.

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Many a time had the boy panted for breath when he rehearsed those grandly decisive, stately replies to those questions of all ages, but his mother had been obdurate. He could not understand why, but in reality Deborah held her youngest son, who was threatened with death in his youth, to the Assembly's Catechism as a means of filling his mind with spiritual wisdom and fitting him for that higher state to which he might soon be called. Ephraim had been strictly forbidden to attend school; beyond reading he had no education; but his mother resolved that spiritual education he should have, whether he would or not, and whether the doctor would or not. So Ephraim laboriously read the Bible through, a chapter at a time, and he went step by step through the wisdom of the divines of Westminster. No matter how much he groaned over it, his mother was pitiless. Sometimes Caleb plucked up courage and interceded. "I don't believe he feels quite ekal to learnin' of his stint to-night," he would say, and then his eyes would fall before the terrible stern pathos in Deborah's, as she would reply, in her deep voice: "If he can't learn nothin' about books, he's got to learn about his own soul. He's got to, whether it hurts him or not. I shouldn't think, knowin' what you know, you'd say anything, Caleb Thayer."

And Caleb's old face would quiver suddenly like a child's. He would rub the back of his hand across his eyes, huddle himself into his arm-chair, and say no more. And Deborah would sharply order Ephraim, spying anxiously over his catechism, to go on with the next question.

It was nearly dark to-night when Ephraim finished his stint. He was slower than usual, his progress being somewhat hindered by the surreptitious eating of a hard red apple, which he had stowed away in his jacket pocket. Hard apples were strictly forbidden to Ephraim as articles of diet, and to eat many during the season required diplomacy.

The boy's jaws worked with furious zeal over the apple during his mother's temporary absences from the room on household tasks, and on her return were mumbling solemnly and innocently the precepts of the catechism after a spasmodic swallowing. His father was nodding in his chair, and saw nothing, and had he seen would not have betrayed him. After a little inefficient remonstrance on his own account Caleb always subsided, and watched anxiously lest Deborah should discover the misdemeanor and descend upon Ephraim.

To-night, after the task was finished, Deborah sent Ephraim stumbling out of the room to bed, muttering remonstrances, his eyes as wild and restless as a cat's, his ears full of the nocturnal shouts of his playfellows that came through the open windows.

"Mother, can't I go out an' play ball a little while?" sounded in a long wail from the dusk outside the door.

"You go to bed," answered his mother.

Then the slamming of a door shook the house.

"If he wa'n't sick I'd whip him," said Deborah, between tight lips. The spiritual whip which Ephraim held, by right of his illness, over her seemed to sing past her ears. She shook Caleb with the force with which she might have shaken Ephraim. "You'd better get up an' go to bed now, instead of sleepin' in your chair," she said, imperatively; and Caleb obeyed, staggering, half dazed, across the floor into the bedroom. Deborah was only a few years younger than her husband, but she had retained her youthful vigor in much greater degree. She never felt the drowsiness of age stealing over her at nightfall. Indeed, oftentimes her senses seemed to gain in alertness as the day wore on, and many a night she was up and at work long after all the other members of her family were in bed. There came at such times to Deborah Thayer a certain peace and triumphant security, when all the other wills over which her own held contested sway were lulled to sleep, and she could concentrate all her energies upon her work. Many a long task of needlework had she done in the silence of the night by her dim oil-lamp. In years past she had spun and woven, and there was in a clothes-press upstairs a wonderful coverlid in an intricate pattern of blue and white, and not a thread of it woven by the light of the sun.

None of the neighbors knew why Deborah Thayer worked so much at night; they attributed it to her tireless industry. "The days wa'n't never long enough for Deborah Thayer," they said; and she did not know why herself.

There was deep in her heart a plan for the final disposition of these nightly achievements; but she confided it to no one, not even to Rebecca. The blue and white coverlid, many a daintily stitched linen garment and lace-edged pillow-slip, she destined for Rebecca when she should be wed, although she frowned on Rebecca's lover, and spoke harshly to her of marriage. To-night, while Rebecca lay sobbing in her little bedroom, the mother knitted assiduously until nearly midnight upon a wide linen lace with which to trim dimity curtains for the daughter's bridal bedstead.

Deborah needed no lamp-light for this knitting-work; she was so familiar with it, having knitted yards with her thoughts elsewhere, that she could knit without seeing her needles.

So she sat in the deepening dusk and knitted, and heard the laughter and shouts of the boys at play a little way down the road with a deeper pang than Ephraim had ever felt over his own deprivation.

She was glad when the gay hubbub ceased, and the boys were haled in to bed. Shortly afterward she heard out in the road a quick manly tread and a merry whistle. She did not know the tune, but only one young man in Pembroke could whistle like that. "It's Thomas Payne goin' up to see Charlotte Barnard," she said to herself, with a bitter purse of her lips in the dark. That merry whistler passing her poor cast-out son in his lonely half-furnished house, whose dark shadowy walls she could see across the field, smote her as sorely as he smote him. It seemed to her that she could hear that flutelike melody even as far as Charlotte's door. In spite of her stern resolution to be just, a great gust of wrath shook her. "Lettin' of him come courtin' her, when it ain't six weeks since Barney went!" she said, quite out loud, and knitted fiercely.

But poor Thomas Payne, striding with his harmless swagger up the hill, whistling as loud as might be one of his college airs, need not, although she knew it not, and he knew it not himself, have disturbed her peace of mind.

Charlotte at the cherry party had asked him with a certain dignified shyness if he could come up to her house that evening, and he had responded with alacrity. "Why, of course I can," he cried, blushing joyfully all over his handsome face—"of course I can, Charlotte," and he tried to catch one of her hands hanging in the folds of her purple dress, but she drew it away.

"I want to see you a few minutes about something," she said, soberly, and then she pressed forward to speak to another girl, and he could not get another word with her about it.

Charlotte, after she got home from the party, had changed her pretty new gown for her every-day one of mottled brown calico set with a little green sprig, and had helped her mother get supper.

Cephas, however, was late, and did not come home until just before Thomas Payne arrived. Sarah had begun to worry. "I don't see where your father is," she kept saying to Charlotte. When she heard his shuffling step on the door-stone she started as if he had been her lover. When he came in she scrutinized him anxiously to see if he looked ill or disturbed. Sarah Barnard during all absences of her family dug busily at imaginary pitfalls for them; had they all existed the town would have been honeycombed.

"There 'ain't nothin' happened, has there, Cephas?" she said.

"I dun'no' of anythin' that's happened."

"I got kind of worried. I didn't know where you was." Sarah had an air of apologizing for her worry. Cephas made no reply; he did not say where he had been, nor account for his tardiness; he did not look at his wife standing before him with her pathetically inquiring face. He pulled a chair up to the table and sat down, and Charlotte set his supper before him. It was a plate of greens, cold boiled dock, and some rye and Indian bread. Cephas still adhered to his vegetarian diet, although he pined on it, and the longing for the flesh-pots was great in his soul. However, he said no more about sorrel pies, for the hardness and the flavor of those which he had prepared had overcome even his zeal of invention. He ate of them manfully twice, then he ate no more, and he did not inquire how Sarah disposed of them after they had vainly appeared on the table a week. She, with no pig nor hens to eat them, was forced with many misgivings as to the waste to deposit them in the fireplace.

"They actually made good kindlin'-wood," she told her sister Sylvia. "Poor Cephas, he didn't have no more idea than a baby about makin' pies." All Sarah's ire had died away; to-night she set a large plump apple pie slyly on the table, an apple pie with ample allowance of lard in the crust thereof, and she felt not the slightest exultation, only honest pleasure, when she saw, without seeming to, Cephas cut off a goodly wedge after disposing of his dock greens.

"Poor father, I'm real glad he's tastin' of the pie," she whispered to Charlotte in the pantry; "greens ain't very fillin'."

Charlotte smiled absently. Presently she slipped into the best room and lighted the candles.

"You expectin' of anybody to-night?" her mother asked when she came out.

"I didn't know but somebody might come," Charlotte replied, evasively. She blushed a little before her mother's significantly smiling face, but there was none of the shamed delight which should have accompanied the blush. She looked very sober, almost stern.

"Hadn't you better put on your other dress again, then?" asked her mother.

"No; I guess this 'll do."

Cephas ate his pie in silence; he had helped himself to another piece, but he heard every word. After he had finished, he fumbled in his pocket for his old leather purse, and counted over a little store of money on his knee.

Charlotte was setting away the dishes in the pantry, when her father came up behind her, and crammed something into her hand. She started.

"What is it?" said she.

"Look and see," said Cephas. Charlotte opened her hand and saw a great silver dollar. "I thought mebbe you'd like to buy somethin' with it," said Cephas. He cleared his throat, and went out through the kitchen into the shed. Charlotte was too amazed to thank him. Her mother came into the pantry.

"What did he give you?" she whispered. Charlotte held up the money. "Poor father," said Sarah Barnard, "he's doin' of it to make up. He was dreadful sorry about that other, an' he's tickled most to death now he thinks you've got somebody else, and are contented. Poor father, he ain't got much money, either."

"I don't want it," Charlotte said, her steady mouth quivering downward at the corners.

"You keep it. He'd feel all upset if you didn't. You'll find it come handy. I know you've got a good many things now, but you had ought to have a new cape come fall; you can't come out bride in a muslin one when snow flies." Sarah cast a half-timid, half-shrewd glance at Charlotte, who put the dollar in her pocket.

"A green satin cape, lined and wadded, would be handsome," pursued her mother.

"I sha'n't ever come out bride," said Charlotte.

"How you talk! There he's comin' now."

And indeed at that the clang of the knocker sounded through the house. Charlotte took off her apron and started to answer it, but her mother caught her and pinned up a stray lock of hair. "I most wish you had put on your other dress again," she whispered.

Sarah listened with her ear close to the crack of the kitchen door when her daughter opened the outside one. She heard Thomas Payne's hearty greeting and Charlotte's decorous reply. The door of the front room shut; then she set the kitchen door ajar softly, but she could hear nothing but a vague hum of voices across the entry; she could not distinguish a word. However, it was as well that she could not, for her heart would have sunk, as did poor Thomas Payne's.

Thomas, with his thick hair brushed into a shining roll above his fair high forehead, in his best flowered waistcoat and blue coat with brass buttons, sat opposite Charlotte, his two nicely booted feet toeing out squarely on the floor, his two hands on his knees, and listened to what Charlotte had to say, while his boyish face changed and whitened. Thomas was older than Charlotte, but he looked younger. It seemed, too, as if he looked younger when with her than at other times, although he was always anxiously steady and respectful, and lost much of that youthful dash which made him questioningly admired by the young people of Pembroke.

Charlotte began at once after they were seated. Her fair grave face colored; her voice had in it a solemn embarrassment. "I don't know but you thought I was doing a strange thing to ask you to come here to-night," she said.

"No, I didn't; I didn't think so, Charlotte," Thomas declared, warmly.

"I felt as if I had ought to. I felt as if it was my duty to," said she. She cast her eyes down. Thomas waited, looking at her with vague alarm. Somehow some college scrapes of his flashed into his head, and he had a bewildered idea that she had found them out, and that her sweet rigid innocence was shocked, and she was about to call him to account.

But Charlotte continued, raising her eyes, and meeting his gravely and fairly. "You've been coming here three Sabbath evenings, running, now," said she.

"Yes, I know I have, Charlotte."

"And you mean to keep on coming, if I don't say anything to hinder it?"

"You know I do, Charlotte," replied Thomas, with ardent eyes upon her face.

"Then," said Charlotte, "I feel as if it was my duty to say this to you, Thomas: If you come in any other way than as a friend—if you come on any other errand than friendship—you must not come here any more. It isn't right for me to encourage you, and let you come here and get your feelings enlisted. If you come here occasionally as a friend, in friendship, I shall be happy to have you, but you must not come here with any other hopes or feelings."

Charlotte's solemnly stilted words and earnest severe face chilled the young man opposite. His face sobered. "You mean that you can't ever think of me in any other way than as a friend," he said.

Charlotte nodded. "You know it ain't because there's one thing against you, Thomas."

"Then it is Barney, after all."

"I was all ready to marry him a few weeks ago," Charlotte said, with a kind of dignified reproach.

Thomas colored. "I know it, Charlotte; I ought not to have expected—I suppose you couldn't get over it so soon. I couldn't, if I had been in your place and been ready to marry anybody. But I didn't know about girls. I didn't know but they were different. I always heard they got over things quicker. I ought not to have thought, but, oh, Charlotte, if I wait—if you have a little more time—don't you think you will feel different about it?"

Charlotte shook her head.

"But he is such a good-for-nothing dog to treat you the way he does, Charlotte!" Thomas cried out, in a great burst of wrath and jealous love.

"I don't want to hear another word like that, Thomas Payne," Charlotte said, sternly, and the young man drooped before her.

"I beg your pardon, Charlotte," said he. "I suppose I ought not to have spoken so, if you— Oh, Charlotte, then you don't think you ever can get over this and think a little bit of me?"

"No," replied Charlotte, in a steady voice. "I don't think I ever can, Thomas."

"I don't mean that I am trying to get you away from any other fellow, Charlotte. I wouldn't do anything like that. But if he won't— Oh, Charlotte, are you sure?"

"I don't think I ever can," repeated Charlotte, monotonously, looking at the wall past Thomas.

"I've always thought so much of you, Charlotte, though I never told you so."

"You'd better not now."

"Yes, I'm going to, now. I've got to. Then I'll never say another word. I'll go away, and never say another word." Thomas got up, and brought his chair close to Charlotte's. "Don't move away," he pleaded. "Let me sit here near you once. I never shall again. I'm going to tell you, Charlotte. I used to look across at you sitting in the meeting-house Sabbath days when I was a boy, and think you were the handsomest girl I ever saw. Then I did try to go with you once before I went to college; perhaps you didn't know that I meant anything, but I did. Barney was in the way then a little, but I didn't think much of it. I didn't know that he really meant to go with you. You let me go home with you two or three times; perhaps you remember."

Charlotte nodded.

"I never forgot," said Thomas Payne. "Well, father found it out, and he had a talk with me. He made me promise to wait till I got through college before I said anything to you. He was doing a good deal for me, you know. So I waited, and the first thing I knew, when I came home, they said Barney Thayer was waiting on you, and I thought it was all settled, and there was nothing more to be done. I made up my mind to bear it like a man and make the best of it, and I did. But this spring, when I was through college, and that happened betwixt you and Barney, when he—didn't come back to you, and you didn't seem to mind so much, I couldn't help having a little hope. I waited, and kept thinking he'd make up with you; but he didn't, and I knew how determined he was. Then finally I began to make a few advances, but— Well, it's all over now, Charlotte. There's only one thing I'd like to ask. If I hadn't waited, as I promised father, would it have made any difference? Did you always like Barney Thayer?"

"Yes; it wouldn't have made any difference," Charlotte said. There were tears in her eyes.

Thomas Payne arose. "Then, that is all," said he. "I never had any chance, if I had only known. I've got nothing more to say. I want to thank you for asking me to come here to-night and telling me. It was a good deal kinder than to let me keep on coming. That would have been rather hard on a fellow." Thomas Payne fairly laughed, although his handsome face was white. "I hope it will all come right betwixt you and Barney, Charlotte," he said, "and don't you worry about me; I shall get on. I'll own this seems a little harder than it was before, but I shall get on." Thomas brushed his bell hat carefully with his cambric handkerchief, and stowed it under his arm. "Good-by, Charlotte," said he, in his old gay voice; "when you ask me, I'll come and dance at your wedding."

Charlotte got up, trembling. Thomas reached out his hand and touched her smooth fair head softly. "I never touched you nor kissed you except in games like that Copenhagen to-day," said he, "but I've thought of it a good many times."

Charlotte drew back. "I can't, Thomas," she faltered. She could not herself have defined her reason for refusing her cast-off lover this one comfort, but it was not so much loyalty as the fear of disloyalty which led her to do so. In spite of herself, she saw Barney, for an instant, beside Thomas to his disadvantage, and her love could not cover him, extend it as she would. The conviction was strong upon her that Thomas was the better man of the two, although she did not love him.

"All right," said Thomas. "I ought not to have asked it of you, Charlotte. Good-by."

As soon as Thomas Payne got out in the dark night air, and the door had shut behind him, he set up his merry whistle. Charlotte stood at the front window, and heard it from far down the hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEUDAL BARON COME TO JUSTICE.

McKane of Gravesend, John Y. McKane, stands convicted at the bar of justice in Kings County, while the henchmen who have grown to look upon him as omnipotent and invincible are filled with dismay.

"The chief bade me!" that has been all-sufficient for the followers. To them he has been the source of all rewards and punishments; he could make or unmake them at a word.

West Brighton, Coney Island, entertains at times an average of 100,000 persons a day. The people who entertain are originally from the slums of New York. Dive-keepers who could not get their licenses renewed, saloon-keepers of the shadiest reputations, alleged repentant pickpockets and cracksmen, with just a sprinkling of honest people, keep the restaurants, concert-saloons, dime museums, hotels, and drinking-places, and run the various crooked games. The cappers for the games, the bruisers employed to "bounce" men, and the toughest of the race-track touts and followers go to make up a company in which the pugilists attracted to the place very properly pass for immaculate gentlemen. The women of Coney Island match the men.

McKane took Coney Island in hand twelve years ago as Chief of Police and Supervisor. At that time the beach was one of the roughest spots on earth. Tin-horn gamblers set their little tables on the beach and swindled people, unmolested by the police, while their cappers protected them from their dupes. Every house on the lower end of the Boulevard was a gambling-den, where play lasted all night. All sorts of games were running, and the police were kind enough to direct inquirers to the best places for faro, keno, roulette, etc. The pool-rooms were in full blast. "The Gut," with its mingled white and black population, was the wickedest place in all America. The strong arm, the knock-out drops, and kindred devices for robbery flourished there after or during the wild orgies that took place every night, and men and women for whom the worst parts of New York were too good assembled there. The wildest scenes, beggaring those of a low Paris concert-hall, could be seen in public. There was license utter and complete. Life was very unsafe; the man who got drunk was robbed, and had no remedy."

The change for the better under McKane began immediately, but it was some time before his work showed, as he could not afford to support a large police force. He wisely attacked the itinerant gamblers first. They were an unmitigated nuisance; they brought no revenue to the town, and they disgusted people. McKane handled these fellows vigorously without gloves. Some he sent to the penitentiary, and their pull with politicians did not save them. Others got hurt with clubs, and others repented of their wickedness, and opened permanent establishments, such as plate-game stands, etc., thereby becoming rent-payers, and taking out a license from the town of Gravesend.

As McKane got stronger he wiped out the gambling-houses and the pool-rooms; he raided the "Gut," and jailed a large number of the worst characters. He cleaned up the island, making life safe from end to end. He made property much more safe than one would imagine possible in such a place as Coney Island.

His power had two sources, one being the good-will of the people, the other being his official position. He controlled all the functions of government; he made all contracts, audited all bills; he gave or withheld licenses. In fact, he was absolute. The man who opposed him went down by craft or by violence. But there were not many who opposed him. McKane has always been a good friend. He will give to or he will work for any one who asks him for a favor. He rises at half past five o'clock in the morning, and by seven o'clock is in his office in his Sheepshead Bay house dealing with petitioners. Some want money owing to them from the town; some want work; some want the chief to say a word to their wives or children or husbands; some are behind with their rent, and want the help of their sovereign in carrying on their business; some don't know what they want. To all of these the chief gives patient hearing, and does what he thinks is best for them. He has any amount of practical sense, and almost invariably sends petitioners away satisfied. From his house he goes to the police station at Coney Island, where he observes the result of the previous night's round-up. Any prisoner whose condition is evidently the result of accident or inadvertence meets with lenient treatment from Mr. McKane. A mere word releases a prisoner. He reviews the proceedings of the police justices, and overturns them at will, and nobody questions, and nobody doubts that he is doing what is best. Ten o'clock at night finds McKane still on duty, and not infrequently in the summer-time he is about working for his people till after midnight. One way and another he makes a great number of friends by means of services honestly performed.

McKane has the reputation of never robbing his own people. He has made money, and lent it on mortgage in the town, till his holdings now cover a great deal of the most valuable property on Surf Avenue, and some of the principal buildings, but he is merciful as a landlord, and slow to foreclose. If he had lived in the Middle Ages his name would have been handed down to posterity as that of the good Baron John.

But there is another side to the picture. McKane has no regard for American law, and never had any. While he was protecting the pool-sellers he swore in court that he did not know there was any pool-selling. Hundreds of people saw him with the pool-sellers while they were carrying on their business. He swore that he did not know of a single gambling-place on the island at a time when the Boulevard was lined with the gamblers' dens. He ignored the laws whenever it suited his convenience to do so, and substituted his own will. His people were taught to obey him, and him only; disobedience to the law meant nothing, but disobedience to the chief meant destruction. This was illustrated with some shining examples. He sent for the keeper of the toughest gambling-hell to come to him; the man defied his messenger. McKane and two men went to the gambling-hell and dragged the keeper out from among two hundred of the roughest characters in this part of the country. They beat him with their clubs when they got him away from his house. On another occasion McKane sent a message summoning Paul Bauer to him. Bauer, who was a great bully, refused to obey. McKane with two or three men armed themselves and went to Bauer's place, and McKane clubbed Bauer in the presence of his waiters.

Both these actions, though unwarranted by law, were equitable enough, but there were others that were not equitable. A man who criticised McKane and his government aloud was liable to arrest. To speak disrespectfully of McKane in the presence of a policeman meant to be caught by the collar and hauled to police headquarters. Any charge, vagrancy, disorderly conduct, etc., would be preferred, and McKane's creatures, the justices, would find the man guilty, and send him to jail for a short time. Fighting for redress was no use, as any amount of perjured testimony could be procured to show that the victim was really guilty of the offence charged. In fact, McKane could make a charge against any one, and prove it, apparently, by the oaths of his dependents. He did this when any one dared to oppose him. He himself tells a story of how, when he was ejecting a widow, Mrs. Morey, from her house, after he had had trouble with her, a tall reporter of a New York paper stood by protesting: "I'd like to see them do that to me. I'd tell McKane what I thought of him."

McKane, standing close by, heard the stranger's comments, and motioned to a policeman, who instantly knocked the incautious youth flat. When he got up he was set upon and beaten till the chief told his followers to let him alone. In telling this story, Mr. McKane adds gravely that the young man thereupon acknowledged that he was properly treated for interfering.

Usually the men who get clubbed and beaten at Gravesend are pickpockets and other thieves. They are not arrested. They are simply lugged before McKane, and there knouted with whips and clubs, McKane frequently striking them himself. They are unmercifully handled, and afterward chased out of town. The treatment is very effective. They don't come back.

McKane lets his own people rob the city people, but it must be done decently and in order; there must be no violence. The robbery is accomplished in the saloons and concert-halls by women cajoling drunken men, and waiters flim-flamming them in making change. The plate-game men are all robbers, but in case a man loses twenty or thirty dollars and complains to the chief, he gets the money back immediately, as a rule, and the plate-game man is closed up for a day or two. Other robbers are rebuked in a similar manner.

McKane never had any doubt that he is a good citizen and a worthy Sunday-school superintendent. In view of the many good things and the hard work he is doing for the town, he never thought it worthy of remark that he should break the law here and there where it was irksome to him. Gravesend was his; the law was an intruder. He had always evaded or broken it in the past whenever he so willed, and with impunity. He simply pushed it all aside and substituted his own will at the last election. Judge Gaynor wanted the registry lists of Gravesend; the law said he could have them; McKane said he couldn't, and he didn't. Gaynor wanted watchers at the polls; the law said he was entitled to put them there; McKane said he should not put them there, and he did not. He put enough fraudulent votes in the ballot-box to turn a State election in a close year; he beat and imprisoned men as respectable as any in the city of Brooklyn because they dared to go to Gravesend on election day; but it never occurred to him that he was wrong. This was all in Gravesend, where his will was law, and they dared to dispute his will.

Sitting in the Supreme Court, under the shadow of the laws of the State of New York, he finds himself reduced to the level of other citizens, and has several times shown an appreciation of his danger.

Sydney Reid.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XIII.—RAPID RIDING AT GETTYSBURG.

"You seem to have been very fond of fast travelling all your life," encouragingly remarked Robinson, as Jones finished a somewhat stiff narrative of having had his coat tails caught on the rear platform of the Chicago limited as it passed through Dunkirk, and of flying behind from there to Toledo.

"Of what other rapid travelling did I ever tell?" inquired Jones.

"Well, there was the time you rode your hen-farm down Pike's Peak, the turn you took on the Montana jaguar, and the trip you enjoyed in your cyclone cottage, not to mention the time you stopped the balloon by taking hold of the drag-rope, and went across the country, putting down one foot here and the other from a quarter to a half mile farther on."

Jones smiled complacently, and flicked the ashes off his cigar. The rehearsal of his enormities appeared rather to please him than otherwise. Then his eye fell on Jackson Peters, who seemed to be meditating treasonable sarcasm. He arched his eyebrows, and said to him:

"Still, I dare say that on none of those occasions did I go so fast as did my young friend Jackson on that night when he ran twenty blocks while returning from a late club dinner, having mistaken a fire-fly for the head-light of a locomotive which had jumped the track and was chasing him with murder in its iron heart."

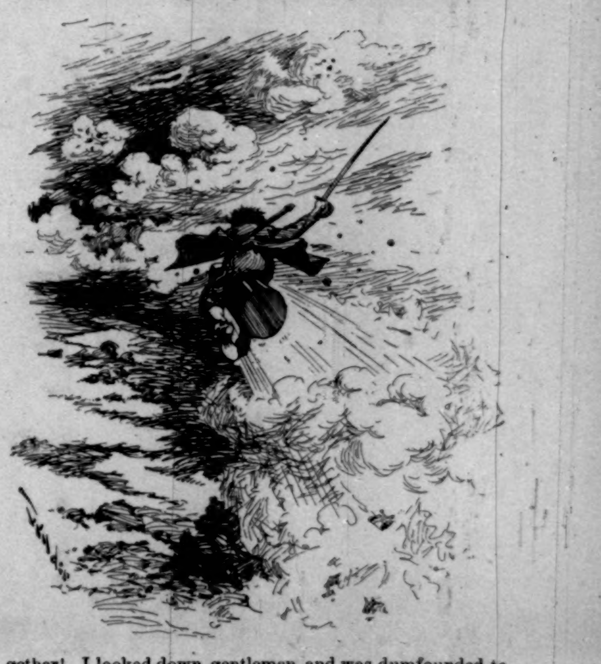
Peters smiled weakly, but made no reply, though it was the first he had ever heard of the incident. But after a moment he said: "I was just reading of a young man who recently got married and bought five dollars' worth of merry-go-round tickets and rode them out with his bride for a wedding-tour."

"Not a bad idea," observed Jones. "He didn't have the humiliating experience of attempting to deceive a hotel clerk by trying to register 'and wife' for the first time like a man who had been married ten years, and having the eagle-eyed fellow call a boy and direct him in a distinct voice to 'brush the rice off the gentleman's hat brim and show him up to the bridal chamber.'

"Now that the subject of rapid transit has come up, if you gentlemen will pardon me I will tell of my fastest experience in that line. I was, as you must remember, a captain in the Tenth Minnesota Cavalry during the late war."

"Why do you never use your title?" inquired Smith.

"For the first few years after I came out of the army I was always called 'Captain.' I was living in Illinois at that time. I moved to Iowa, and the people there called me 'Major.' I then went on to Nebraska, and they called me 'Colonel.' I made another move, to Colorado, and found myself referred to as 'General.' I saw that promotion depended simply on moving West, and decided that it was beneath a man of parts, and have always since asked my friends to refrain from calling me by anything but my name. As I started to say, it was at the battle of Gettysburg. The Tenth Minnesota played an important part. We were exposed to a severe fire, and after several hot charges I found that every officer above me had been killed. I instantly put myself at the head of the troop, and determined to break the enemy's centre, two miles away across the valley. We were in front of a battery of heavy New York artillery, which was stationed on a ridge above us and was firing over our heads. Calling my men about me, I told them that I proposed to smash the enemy's centre or die in the attempt. They were wild to have me lead them to victory. I waved my sword, with some laconic remarks, which, had they been my last words, would have gone thundering down the corridors of time, inspiring soldiers yet unborn, and we were off. We were superbly mounted, and rode like the wind. I clapped spurs to my horse, and dashed down a little declivity, certainly faster than I had ever ridden before. Suddenly my horse plunged a forward foot into a hole in the ground, and went down like a flash. My momentum was so terrific that I rose from the saddle and shot forward. I did not strike the ground, as I expected, but instantly felt myself riding on even more rapidly than before. The noble animal had risen under me, apparently, and was carrying me on to victory faster than ever. Still I was not going fast enough to satisfy me. I waved my sword, shouted to my men, and again applied the spurs furiously. What was my surprise when my heels dashed together! I looked down, gentlemen, and was dumfounded to find myself astride a twelve-inch conical shell from the New York battery, and riding it across the valley for the enemy's centre, thirty feet from the ground.



"My first thought was to dismount, but I could not disappoint my gallant men. I knew they were coming. Once more I waved my sword, and again I shouted. The speed was awful. The air cut my face like knife-points. The shell was two feet long, and gave me a good seat, but I held on with difficulty. Suddenly I noticed a lighted fuse projecting from near the front end of the shell. I dared not let go with either hand, but I was not ready to become a nebulous bit of star dust. There was but one thing to do. I leaned over, pulled out the fuse with my teeth, and began smoking it like a cigarette. A dozen yards before the shell struck the ground I dismounted. It tore on through the ranks of the enemy, and I shouted, ran forward, and began laying about with my sword. I held my own for five minutes, when my men came up, and we cut the line to pieces and won the battle."

Robinson seemed to be the only hearer left with the power of speech. "You must have been highly commended for your action," he said.

"The newspapers spoke favorably of it, yes; but I came near getting court-martialed for pulling the fuse out of the shell, thus impairing its efficiency. It was expensive for me financially, too, as I acquired the habit of smoking fuse in place of cigars, and it cost me ten dollars a week for the stuff till I was mustered out."

H. C.

THE FLIGHT.

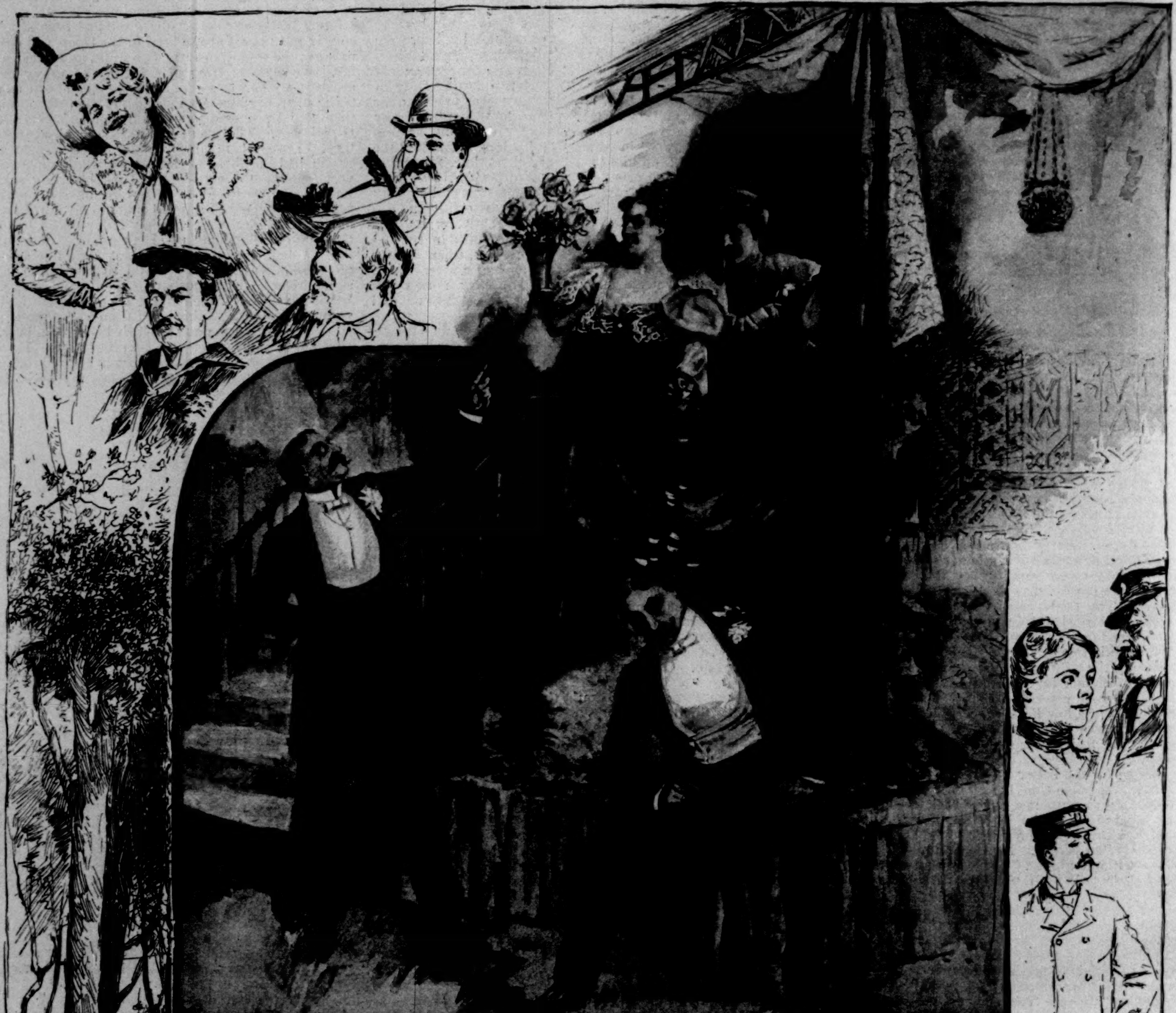
BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

When the great ice comes down on the river,
  With the roar of a mighty voice abroad,
Crying, "Deliver! O shores, deliver!"
The giant pines of the island shiver,
The rooted rocks of the mid-earth quiver,
  Hearing and fearing the tread of a god.

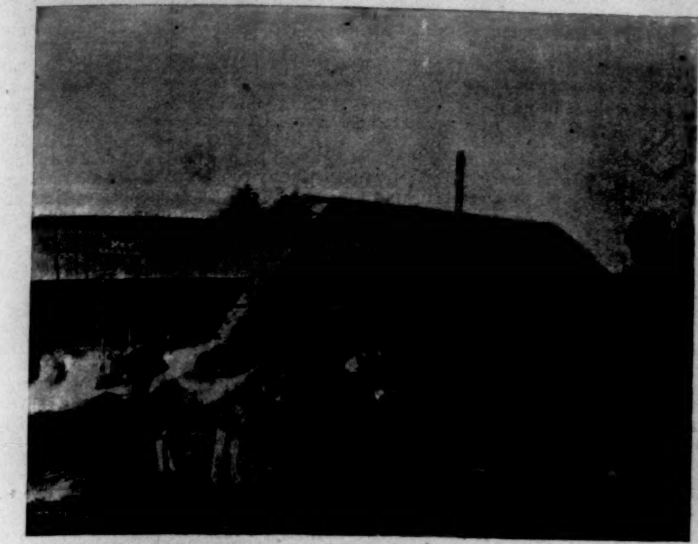
"Come," sung the Sea, "O breath of my being,
  Drawn from me, drawn from me, summer days long!
Hill-tarn and cavern too sombre for seeing,
You that have swung in the sun shall be fleeing;
Now my winds blow, my tides press to your freeing,
  Urging and surging and filled with my song!"

Green in the moonbeam it lay at the singing,
  Silver with froth of a frozen foam,
Red in the sunrise its arrow-flame flinging,
Azure while over it moonlight was winging,
Dark as the midnight tide when it went springing,
  Clashing and dashing went springing for home.

What a great music you hear through your dreaming
  When in a moment the ice goes free!
Wild as the Valkyr her battle-cry screaming,
With groans and strange sighs there, and ghostly the gleaming,
And shifting the shapes that tower shouldering and streaming,
  Bursting and thirsting and mad for the Sea!

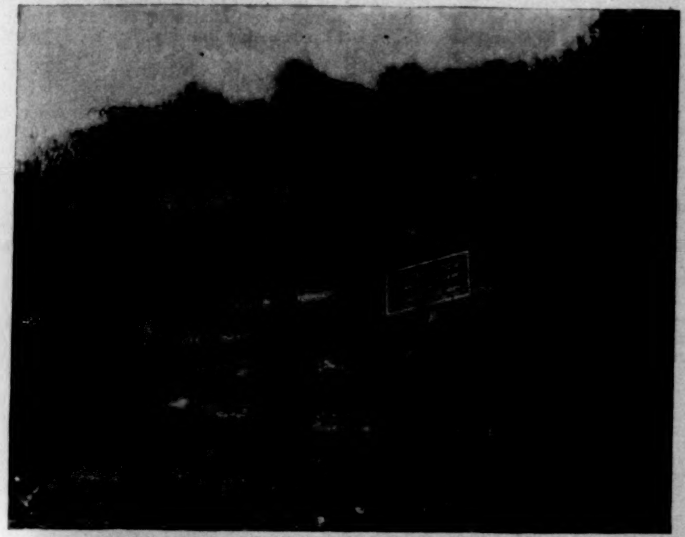

WARREN B. DAVIS.

"THE BUTTERFLIES"—AS PERFORMED BY MR. JOHN DREW AND HIS COMPANY.
DRAWN BY WARREN B. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

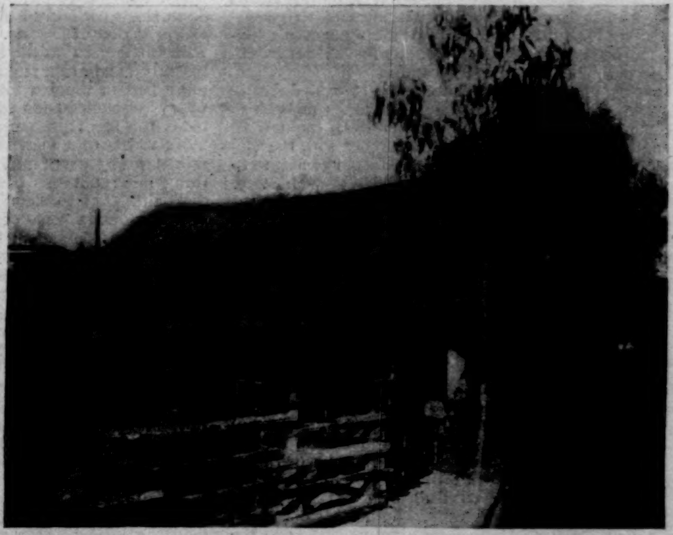


BUCKEYE CABIN.

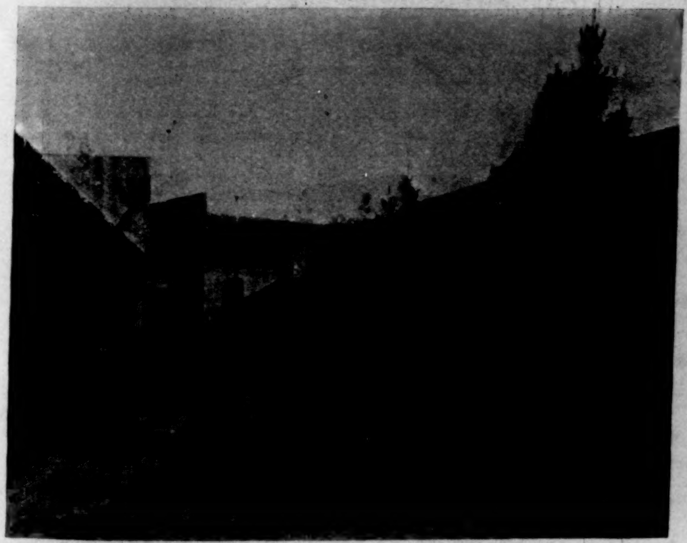
MRS. SANDY BOWERS'S ORIGINAL CABIN.



MAJOR DOWNIE'S ORIGINAL CABIN.



JAMES W. MARSHALL'S ORIGINAL CABIN.



J. W. MACKAY'S AND SENATOR PERKINS'S ORIGINAL CABINS.

PLAIN JAMES WHITSON IN HIS ROBINSON FERRY ORIGINAL CABIN.

MIDWINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO—IN THE '49 MINING CAMP.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER.

THE '49 MINING CAMP.

At last the Eastern visitor may realize his ideal of California. With a pertinacity as amusing as remarkable he has cherished the belief that the prevailing masculine costume in California is still the red shirt, cowhide boots, broad sombrero, and a sack-coat, with the invariable accompaniment of a six-shooter and a bowie-knife; and now, if he will but come to the Midwinter Fair, and visit the '49 Mining Camp, he will find his suspicions verified and his early beliefs confirmed. Lest the timid be frightened away, however, it is well to say that the six-shooters are warranted to be loaded with nothing but powder, and the bowie-knives to be absolutely innocuous, while their wearers are not half so fierce and bad as they look.

The '49 Mining Camp was an inspiration conceived in the brains of three newspaper men of San Francisco—not newspaper proprietors, but plain every-day pencil-pushers—who thought they saw an element of novelty in the proposition, and could devise something of which it could not be said, "You ought to have seen how this was done at the World's Fair." To carry out their purpose, and with the aid of a Californian of wealth as their backer, they ransacked the State for interesting relics of the days of '49, the result being a collection which would make a historical society turn green with envy. For example, there are on the grounds of this camp two old-time mining cabins, one of which was occupied forty-two years ago in Sierra County by John W. Mackay, the Bonanza King, the cabin being the work of his own hands, and the other occupied by United States Senator George C. Perkins nearly forty years ago, he, like Mackay, being his own architect and builder. The original James W. Marshall cabin at Coloma—the place where Marshall discovered gold in California—is the property of the State, and could not be obtained for the '49 Camp, but it has been repeated in fac-simile, and contains many original relics of the man who found the first California nugget. Among these are his level, surveying tripod, bedstead, chair, boot-jack, and other household furniture and implements—all of the crudest sort—and his pan, bucket, and rocker, which he used in his search for gold. The original nugget is also on exhibition in the Marshall cabin.

Another cabin possessing a peculiar and a sad historic interest is that of Major William Downie, a very early pioneer, and founder of the city of Downieville. The old man, over eighty years of age, was living in British Columbia, in impoverished circumstances, like many other old pioneers, when the concessionnaires of the '49 Camp sent for him to come to San Francisco as their guest. He reached that city by steamer, but when the agent of the '49 Camp went on board the vessel to greet and welcome him, joy overcame him, and he fell back in his chair dead. His cabin will be draped in mourning, and will remain unoccupied, as a token of respect to his memory.

In another cabin will be preserved and exhibited a large number of relics of General John A. Sutter, of Sutter's Fort, lent to the '49 Camp by the Pioneer Society of Sacramento. These relics are some three hundred in number, embracing General Sutter's sword, one of his wooden-soled *sabots*, some of the cannon which were mounted on the fort, and a large number of other objects of historic interest. In fact, the managers of the '49 Camp have left no stone unturned in their efforts to secure relics of the days of '49 which have a personal bearing upon the history of the men who made this great State.

But, after all, the chief interest in the '49 Mining Camp is found not so much in its historic relics and records as in the literal reproduction of the scenes which occurred again and again in the mining camps of the early days of California. The present camp is situated on the north slope of Strawberry Hill, and the ground is "salted" every day with a metal which resembles gold very closely. Then the bronzed and bearded miners turn out, with pan and rocker, and wash out the gold, exactly as they did in the days of primitive mining in the land of gold. Water for mining operations is supplied from a flume some three hundred feet in length, and the whole process of placer mining is carried on exactly and literally as it was forty odd years ago, except that the digging and washing do not possess the element of uncertainty which discouraged so many pioneer miners. The gold mined in the '49 camp is put into buckskin bags, and distributed among visitors as souvenirs of their visit. Of course the rude cooking operations of the early miners are illustrated thoroughly, and the Mining Camp store, with its scanty stock of necessaries and fewer luxuries, is open for business every day.

The life of the miner of '49 was not wholly devoid of amusement, though it was confined principally to such as could be found in the numerous saloons and gambling-houses and dance-houses that existed in those days, and the '49 Camp shows what was the style of the times. There is a *baile* every day and on two evenings of the week, where fandangos and all the Spanish and Mexican dances are danced by skilled and pretty dancers, to the delight of large audiences. Of course a difficulty occurs occasionally on the floor of the dance-hall, and a man is killed and dragged out, but the dance goes right on, and as the dead man appears a few seconds later, none the worse for his violent taking off, it may be surmised that no harm is done.

No description of the '49 Camp would be complete which omitted mention of the baby donkey—*burro*, the Mexicans call him—who is one of the star performers of the entertainment. He is so little and so wise-looking and so good-natured that he is an instantaneous success whenever he appears. He is the pet of the whole camp.

Of course, when all is said and done, the charm of the '49 Mining Camp is its unique character. It takes us back to the days when there were giants and heroes in the new El Dorado, and when they had to wrestle fiercely with the elements and contend strenuously with the forces of nature to win the yellow metal on which the world sets such store. It is because we can see how this war was waged, and what the methods and processes of the California Argonauts were, that the '49 Mining Camp is of such interest, and bids fair to be one of the most successful features of California's Midwinter Fair.

MARCUS P. WIGGIN.

GEORGE W. CHILDS DREXEL.

THE NEW EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE "PUBLIC LEDGER."

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS DREXEL, the successor of the late George W. Childs as editor and publisher of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, is probably the youngest manager of any of the great daily newspapers of the United States. Mr. Drexel is only twenty-six years old, but he has been liberally educated in schools, in business, by extended travel, and unusual intercourse with men of superior intelligence, eminence, and acquirements, whom from his youth up he has had the advantage of meeting, as guests in the homes and offices of his father, the late Anthony J. Drexel, the eminent banker and philanthropist, and of Mr. Childs. The latter, for whom he was named, always entertained not only the most affectionate regard for him, but from his early infancy felt for him the warmest personal esteem and confidence, which he conspicuously exhibited by making young Mr. Drexel one of the two executors of his last will and testament. It was early Mr. Childs' wish that his young friend should be his successor as editor and publisher of the *Public Ledger*. But it was not until he felt that the object of his choice was competent to enter upon the duties of so onerous a position as that of publisher of the great journal, which his sagacity and integrity had placed in the front rank of the influential newspapers of the country, that he prevailed upon his father, Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, to release him from the position which he had filled in the banking-house of Drexel & Company since his return from an instructive, broadening journey around the world in 1887, and allow him to take his place, under Mr. Childs' personal direction, in the publication office of the *Ledger*.

Mr. Drexel became, pursuant to this understanding between Mr. Childs and his father, the publisher of the *Public Ledger* on the 1st of October, 1893, and few men of his age have entered upon the discharge of duties so important generally so well qualified. Of alert and well-informed mind, possessing quick intelligence, and having had the most rigorous business training in the leading banking-house of the United States, the business of which extended over Europe, and embraced financial operations of the most complex and important character, he had that experience, association, and training which especially fitted him to succeed in his present position.

Mr. Drexel is a man of wealth, and as editor and publisher of one of the most influential public journals of the country, as a man of character and refinement, he holds a position of great social prominence. But neither fortune nor position has exercised any adverse influence upon him. He has remarkable strength of character for one so young; he is quiet and courteous in manner; unaffected, sincere, and entirely free from pretentiousness; earnest and zealous with regard to the great responsibility so suddenly and unexpectedly imposed upon him by the death of his old and dear friend Mr. Childs; without any assumption of knowledge which he does not have, and singularly modest in his pursuit of information among the older members of the *Ledger* staff.

Long before Mr. Drexel assumed the duties of publisher he was well grounded in respect to both the business and editorial policy of the *Public Ledger*. Many things with reference to its management have become traditions, and not one of them has been more assuredly fixed than that its business should not be built up upon detraction of its competitors for public favor; or that no advertisement should be accepted which did not appear upon its face to be an advertisement and nothing else, and that none should be published which was not wholly unobjectionable both in morals and good public policy. Another of the traditions of the immutable laws of the *Ledger* was and is that in its editorial expressions of opinion, in its news columns, in its contributed and selected matter, there should be absolute freedom from impurity of thought or phraseology, and of sensationalism; that it should serve not personal but public interest; that it should be guiltless of political or other partisanship—just and impartial in its treatment of all subjects, to all persons, institutions, and parties. Upon its editors Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel, as in the management of the *Ledger* they were partners and friends of one mind, imposed a single injunction—"Be just, and be accurate."

The mind of the present editor and publisher had been familiarized with the traditions and laws of the *Ledger* long before he was called upon to assume a share in its management, and he is known to be in hearty sympathy with all of them; it is also known that he will make no change in the distinctive character of the *Ledger* which is not in harmony with them. Under Mr. Drexel's, as under Mr. Childs' management, the *Public Ledger* will, so far as good conscience and knowledge can govern its management, be an honest, reliable, progressive newspaper; independent, just, conservative, accurate.

"THE BUTTERFLIES."

IN the prologue to his *Catherine Blum* Alexandre Dumas says: "The three epochs of existence may be resumed thus—youth, maturity, old age; butterflies, wasps, bats." This is one of the smartly cynical sayings which Mr. Oscar Wilde overlooked when he was preparing those social salads, with conversational dressing, called *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *A Woman of No Importance*. It is furthermore one of those assertions which must be an especially great falsehood, because it has so smug an appearance of truth. To take life always with pepper seems to some persons to be the limit of good taste, and he who washes down folly with a draught of amiability is voted a good-natured but silly fellow. Yet when we come to the consideration of a comedy we are always confronted with the question whether it does not, after all, best discharge its duty when it places itself under the old law, and endeavors to "chastise manners with a smile."

Mr. Henry Guy Carleton in preparing a comedy for Mr. John Drew certainly had in mind no such bitter conception of life as that of Dumas. He seems rather to have set out with the belief that the butterfly moods of men extend past maturity, and often make old age ridiculous. He furthermore had in mind a bit of a moral lesson, for he has certainly proclaimed his faith in the idea that it sometimes takes the stern pressure of circumstances to squeeze the inner virtue of a man to the surface. In neither of these salient thoughts of Mr. Carleton's comedy is there anything new; but this cannot be accounted to the author's discredit. The fundamental truths of human nature, which are the stock in trade of the dramatist, are as old as Adam, and most of them had found their way to the stage even before Aristophanes wrote The Frogs. It is in the presentment of these truths, as surrounded by contemporaneous thoughts and manners, that the writer of comedy must now make his mark. Mr. Carleton had to consider not only this, but also the peculiar and charming talent of Mr. Drew, for whom he was to construct the central part in *The Butterflies*.

The story is delightfully simple. Frederic Ossian is a young man of to-day, brought up, as too many are, to believe that the purpose of children is to spend the money accumulated by parents. Now the habit of spending money is more pernicious than that of drinking liquor. One cannot become intoxicated without liquor; but one can spend money without a cent, for this is a world in which rich men's sons have great credit. Frederic Ossian, then, industriously and effectively runs through all his own money and makes a considerable inroad on the fortune of his widowed mother, who, like many other mothers, is willing to pay the debts and forgive the debtor. Mr. Ossian haunts a fashionable sea-side resort, where it falls to his fortune to rescue a charming young woman from drowning. The young man, being mainly bent on saving the girl's life, and not on respectful adulation, pulls her out of the hungry sea feet first. To this the young woman makes no serious objection, seeing that had he waited to take her formally by the hand she might have been unable to accept his assistance.

As these two young persons were created in order that a comedy might be built around them, they fall in love. But the young lady has a mother, Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, a matron of the innermost circle of Rittenhouse Square. She is scandalized by the manner of her daughter's rescue, and because she has in her eye a suitor of larger wealth than the spendthrift Ossian, she forbids all communication between her daughter and that youth. The troubles of young Frederic are further increased by a moral millionaire who is in love with the young man's mother. This benevolent *deus ex machinâ* buys up all the young man's debts and presses for immediate payment. Virtue must be squeezed to the surface under this pressure of circumstances, or the youth must collapse. Of course Mr. Carleton has not set up a straw man to be knocked down. Hence Frederic Ossian reveals many good qualities, among them a power to earn money as fast as he has spent it, and he is soon an eligible suitor in the estimation of the austere Mrs. Stuart-Dodge.

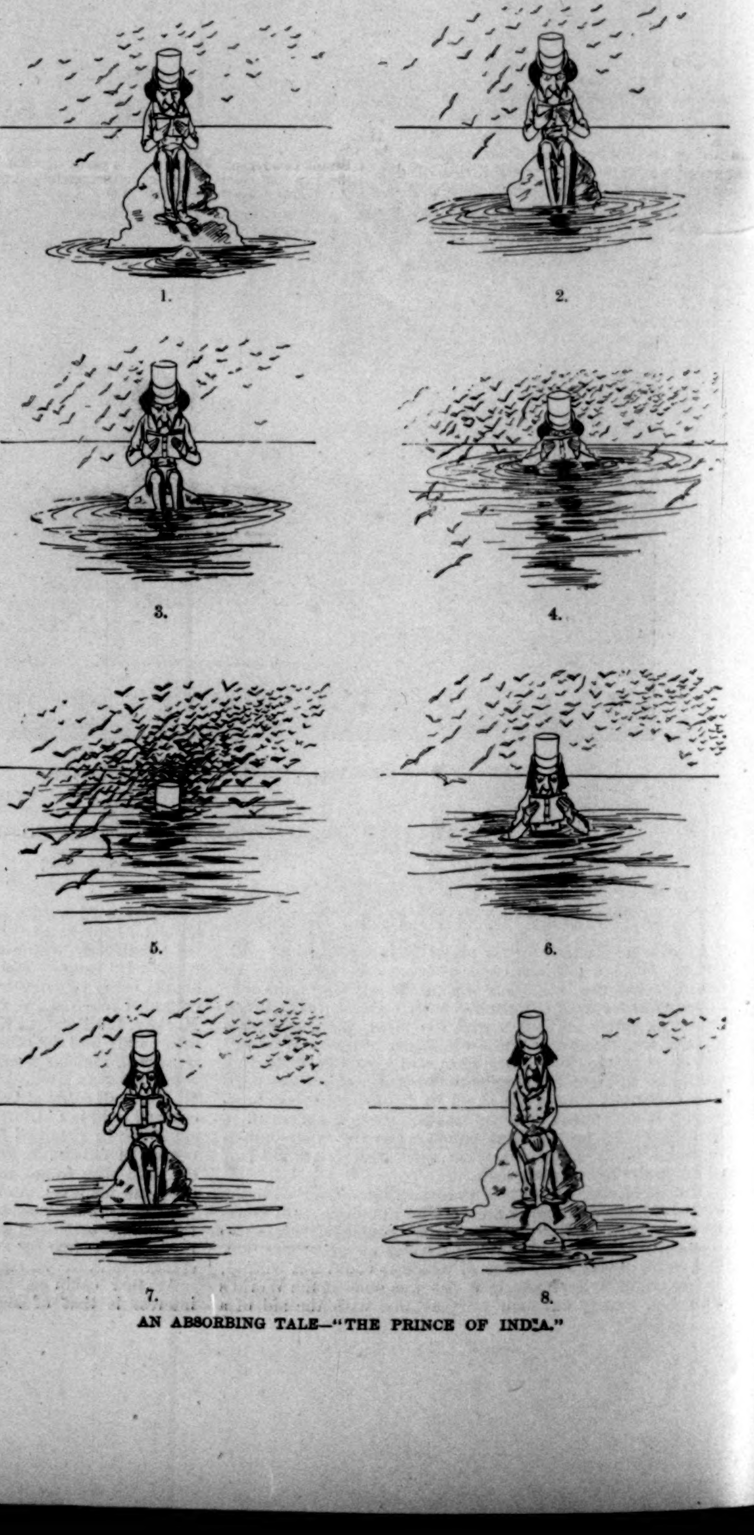
Mr. Carleton's comedy, it will be inferred from this outline, is neither cynical nor profound. Perhaps some personal peculiarities of the characters are heavily emphasized, but even a leaning toward caricature, if it topple not over into burlesque, may be tolerated in comedy. The immortal Mrs. Malaprop and the excessively mortal Bob Acres are caricatures without which the world of comedy would indeed be poorer. Mr. Carleton has conceived a world of social butterflies, all vain of their bright wings and all fond of silly flutterings, and he has made them flit amusingly. No one need be seriously concerned about their doings, and it is safe to say that Mr. Carleton would not like any one to be so. The dialogue is generally light and flippant, as becomes such an assemblage of characters, and it is always touched with a pretty humor. Perhaps some of the jests smack of the weekly comic paper, but they make people laugh, and that is what the people desire to do.

The comedy is charmingly performed by Mr. Charles Frohman's company. Mr. Drew has no equal on our stage to-day as an impersonator of the polished man of the world, while his dry humor is, as it always has been, wholly irresistible. Mr. Drew is a true comedian by nature and by acquirement, and his elegant art is always a source of substantial enjoyment to the critical theatre-goer. There is a lightness, a spontaneity, about Mr. Drew's method that has not been approached by any comedian since Lester Wallack was at his best; and when it is necessary Mr. Drew can sound the note of manly sincerity without affectation and with conviction. Miss Olive May, who was not long ago Olive Berkeley, a child actress, has stepped suddenly into general favor by reason of her easy and natural impersonation of an extremely genial young woman. Miss Maud Adams, whose artistic acting in *A Masked Ball* will not soon be forgotten, is the heroine of the comedy, and all the other characters are intrusted to competent actors. On the whole, the entertainment is a charming one, and it will probably fill Mr. Drew's season in this city.

W. J. HENDERSON.

THOMAS B. FERGUSON.

MR. THOMAS B. FERGUSON, who has been appointed Minister to Sweden and Norway by President Cleveland, is a native of Maryland, and for many years has lived in Washington. He is a member of one of the old families of the South, and has served the country before. Major Ferguson, as he is familiarly known at the capital, was a most energetic and efficient officer of the Fish Commission when Professor Spencer Baird was at its head. His time and abilities were devoted to the service. He is a man of wealth, and of high social position, and he made the commission a popular service at a time when the work was in its infancy and needed friends. His steam-yacht and his island down the Chesapeake were constantly employed by the government in promoting the fishery interests, and in inaugura-



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AN ABSORBING TALE—"THE PRINCE OF INDIA."

ting the work, now so successfully carried on, of propagating food fishes. Major Ferguson is certainly one of three or four men to whom the success of the Fish Commission is due. Like much other scientific work, the credit for its achievements is often claimed by several individuals, and Major Ferguson has had his controversies and has felt the injustice of rivalry and power; but there is probably no one who was connected with him in the early days of the service who will deny to him the meed of commendation which is here awarded to him.

He and Mrs. Ferguson, who was the daughter of Governor Swann, of Maryland, were prominent figures in Washington society. Mrs. Ferguson was very popular, and her house on Highland Terrace, Massachusetts Avenue, was the centre of the very best life of the capital. Mrs. Ferguson met with a cruel death, only a few weeks ago, having been run over by a cable car. The sympathy of the whole city went out to the bereaved family, and Major Ferguson and his sons had abundant evidence of the kindly sentiments entertained for them and for the dead wife and mother. Major Ferguson has never been in active politics, but his long residence at the capital, and his relationship to Governor Swann, brought him into connection with the leading men of both parties. He has always been a strong Democrat. The President is said to have appointed him without consulting the Maryland Senators—Gorman and Gibson—who, it was reported, threatened to oppose confirmation, but his confirmation on the 14th of the month vindicates the Senators from an unjust aspersion. Major Ferguson is not only well qualified for the post to which he has been named, but would make one of the best ministers the country has sent abroad for many years. He has tact and manners, as well as ability, and is accustomed to the uses of diplomatic intercourse.

AS TO TOBACCO.

To an ambitious young man who wanted advice as to whether he should smoke, Dr. Holmes is reported to have lately written: "Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed." All of which is undoubtedly true, and more besides—as that cigars are expensive, cigarettes offensive, and pipes inelegant; and that all kinds of smoking involves more or less tobacco smell, which some people do not like, as well as ashes and untidiness generally.

But it may strike some people that tobacco is not so easily disposed of as the Autocrat suggests. If a thing is to be judged by its liabilities, its chances for good ought to be regarded as well as its possibilities of detriment. Probably the perfect man will not use tobacco; but is it so certain that imperfect human creatures, taken by and large, would be better off without it? It is liable to injure the sight, but used in any sort of moderation it usually doesn't. It may make some people's nerves unsteady, and enfeeble some wills, and stand in the way of some duties. But, on the other hand, it seems to soothe some people's nerves, and to clear their minds so that their wills work more effectually and their duties are better performed. Spurgeon thanked God for tobacco, and seemed to think it was a benefit to him and a help to him in his work. Darwin said that, in his later years, "two paper cigarettes" smoked in the afternoon seemed to have a restful effect upon him after the labors of the morning. Tennyson seems to have kept himself pretty well steeped in tobacco smoke most of the time, and there seem to be better grounds for believing that his poetry, like Mr. Stevenson's prose, was tobacco-fed, and that he made poems in spite of his smoking. So, too, General Grant seemed to find tobacco a useful servant in the most critical years of his life, though he paid dearly for its service afterwards. Undoubtedly tobacco is bad for some people. Many men have a defective faculty for any sort of moderation, and smoke immoderately and to their harm. With other men tobacco distinctly disagrees, disturbing their nerves, disabling their wills, and making them idle and restless.

There are others still who cannot smoke, and persons have been known to be so affected who still contrived to be tolerably worthless and objectionable in other ways.

Nevertheless, there are many people who find tobacco a useful stimulant, which stirs them to conversation when it is the time to talk, or helps them to write when there is writing to be done, or to paint, or to draw, or whatever is their business. There are grave risks about working on stimulants, and it is rather an exceptional man that can safely trust himself to do it. Yet tobacco is so commonly in use, especially by men who use their imaginations in their business, that surely one may risk the assertion that the good work that is done by the aid of tobacco would make a respectable showing if compared with the work that does not get done because tobacco hinders. There are men who, if they find that a single cigar helps them, are pretty sure to be smoking a dozen cigars a day before the year is out. But not all men are that way. A good many are able to smoke only so much as seems to agree with them and do them good.

The convenience of such an agent as tobacco, provided we use it and don't let it use us, is that we can adapt it to our fluctuating necessities. The same quality is common to alcohol and to such medicinal poisons as quinine, strychnine, arsenic, coffee, and all the other tonics. Happy the man who is quit of the need of any of them, and finds his strength always equal to his day, and woe to him who makes either of them his master! They are all liable to make mischief, and yet they enable some people to do what they could hardly accomplish without them. They are poisons. That famous yellow compound that Mr. Gladstone drinks out of a pomatum-jar when he begins to feel tuckered in the middle of a speech is probably a poisonous compound, and yet it seems to do him good. The use of it may eventually cut him off, but at least it helps him through his speeches. So with these other poisons which seem also at times to do good to some people. The mere fact that they are poisons should not necessarily condemn their use, for some poisons are the antidotes of others; and a man may get so full of malaria, or east wind, or worry, or weariness, or other disturbance, that the right quantity of poisonous antidote may do him much temporary good, and tide him over the hard task that cannot be postponed. Then when the rub is over his business is to ease up a little, until both the original sin and the antidote have had time to work out of his system.

Not that we advise any young man who does not smoke already to take up smoking. That would be rash indeed, and we would rather see him take counsel of the Autocrat. Only this much it seems safe to say, that if he is grown up, and smokes moderately, and does not find that tobacco hurts him, there are grounds on which to base a plausible argument that he might lose as much as he gained by leaving off. E. S. Martin.

FLACCID MUSCLES GROW STRONG,
Weak, attenuated frames acquire sound, healthy flesh, woe-begone, hollow faces fill out and become cheerful when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used as a stomachic to improve digestion and assimilation. Moreover, it cures bilious and kidney trouble, and protects the system against malaria and chronic rheumatism. Use it systematically.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

A GREAT SECRET
underlies the principle that has brought success in the production and sale of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and this partly accounts for the fact that competitors do not successfully imitate it. Thirty years in the lead.—[Adv.]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crême Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[Adv.]

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For alleviating that irritation felt by those who suffer from any Bronchial Affection, Brown's Bronchial Troches are most useful. An unexcelled remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.—[Adv.]

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Almost as palatable as milk.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

THE BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE AND STORAGE COMPANY.

On page 188 is an excellent picture of the new fireproof building of the Brooklyn Warehouse and Storage Company, 335-353 Schermerhorn Street, near the junction of Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This impressive and graceful structure marks another step forward in the progress which has been made in ten years in the construction of absolutely fireproof buildings.

Until a comparatively recent period Brooklyn suffered from want of fireproof facilities for the storage of household effects, though New York was well provided for in this respect.

The burning of the Smith & Gray warehouse, at the corner of Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue, in 1892, brought about the organization of The Brooklyn Warehouse and Storage Company, and the subsequent erection on the former site of the Talmage Tabernacle of what is regarded by experts as the best constructed and most perfectly arranged fireproof warehouse and safe-deposit building in the United States.

The architecture of the building is Romanesque. Its dimensions are two hundred and twenty-five feet frontage on Schermerhorn Street, one hundred feet depth, and ten stories height. No wood was used in its construction. Only brick of the best obtainable quality were used in the walls, which are twelve feet thick at the foundations. The "built-up" wrought-iron columns rest on granite piers twelve feet square and twelve feet deep. The columns, girders, and iron beams are encased with fire-clay blocks, five inches thick and one foot and a half square. The spaces between the beams are arched with brick. The floor consists of six inches of cinders, five inches of concrete, and two inches of rock asphaltum. The elevator shaft is located in the centre and at the rear of the building. It is forty-five by twenty feet and has three freight elevators with iron platforms seventeen by ten feet each, and a passenger elevator. All pipes and hydraulic cylinders are grouped in this shaft. The stairs are iron and slate. The driveway and receiving platform are one hundred and twelve by one hundred feet. Fourteen vans or trucks may be loaded or unloaded at the platform simultaneously. The various floors are divided by brick partitions and iron doors into a variety of rooms; these vary in size from a room that will accommodate half a load of household effects or merchandise up to one with a capacity of twelve loads. Each floor is completely isolated from that above and below it by iron curtains. The building is fitted throughout with electric lights. No gas is used in the warehouse, thus doing away with the possibility of accidents from gas or matches.

There are four boilers of ample capacity in an engine-room outside the building, and two sets of compound pumps to work the elevators. In the towers on the roof are two iron tanks with a united capacity for fifty-four thousand gallons of water. The offices are spacious and conveniently arranged, and admirable taste has been shown in decorating them.

The Safe Deposit Vault is one of the most massive and impregnable "strong boxes" that modern ingenuity and mechanical dexterousness are capable of devising and constructing.

The promoters of this enterprise are thoroughly familiar with the storage-warehouse and safe-deposit business and with the latest advances in methods of fire-proof construction. The warehouse building was planned by and built under the general supervision of a practical warehouse man. John R. Van Wormer, who has been for many years general manager and secretary of that successful and well-known institution, The Lincoln Safe Deposit and Warehouse Company, was chairman of the building committee. With him were associated William H. Wallace and Horace C. Du Val. William B. Tubby was the architect, and he has left the firm imprint of his ability upon this imposing structure.

With the new Company the handling and storing of household effects, works of art, bric-a-brac, merchandise, trunks, and silver plate, will be almost a work of art, so ripe has been the experience of its managers and so admirable is its equipment.

Not the least of the benefits the new enterprise brings to Brooklyn, is emancipation from the high insurance rates that have for so long a time rendered it burdensome to store effects in a warehouse that was not fireproof, and, what is often of prime importance, a sufficient guarantee that what is placed on storage may be had when wanted.

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Edward B. Bartlett, President.
John R. Van Wormer, Vice President.
Christian T. Christensen, Treasurer.
Guy Du Val, Secretary.
Wm. H. Wayne, Manager.
John A. Nichols, Counsel.

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Edward B. Bartlett,
George W. Chauncey,
Henry N. Whitney,
Charles A. Moore.
—[Adv.]

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Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

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The most perfect toilet powder is
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Special Poudre de Riz
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USE NONE OTHER
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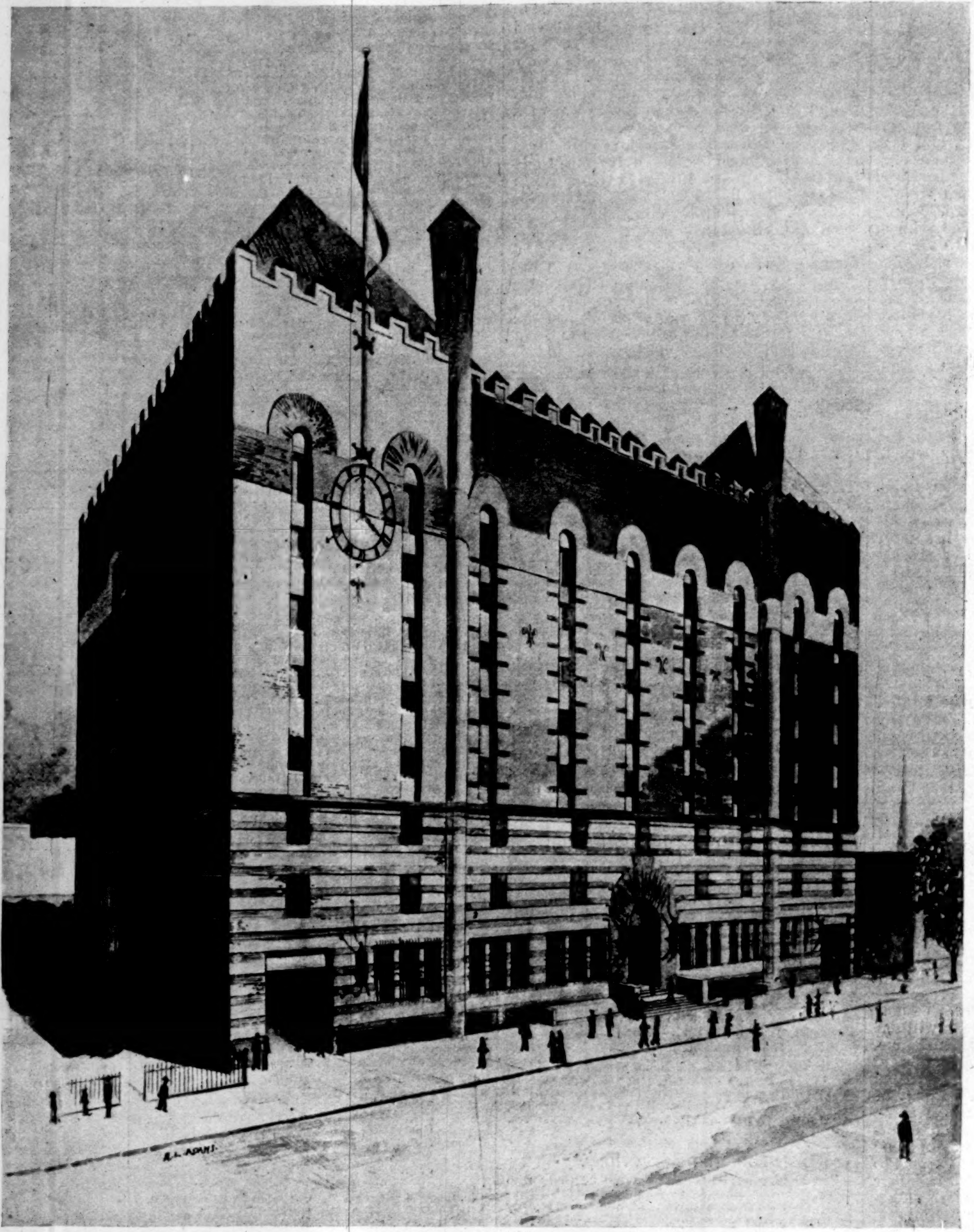


THE BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE AND STORAGE CO.

335-353 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, New York.

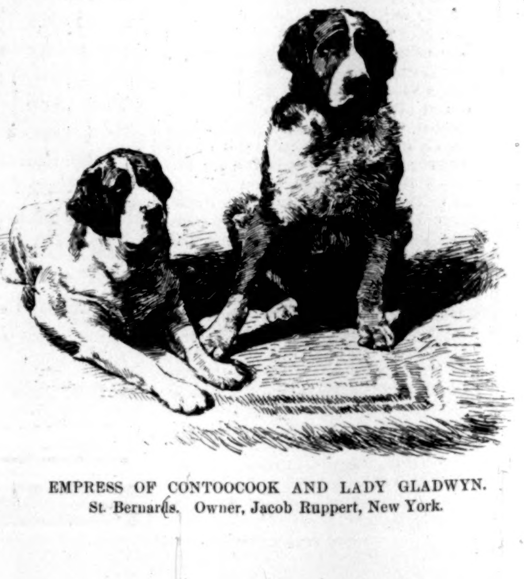
AMATEVR·SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has sailed for London in the interest of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *with a view to making a careful study of Amateur Sport in England. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department will be supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

THE DOG SHOW.

THIS will be the eighteenth consecutive year of the bench shows for dogs in the Madison Square Garden under the management of the Westminster Kennel Club. These shows have steadily grown in popularity, and the quality of the dogs exhibited has always improved. A year or so ago the entrance fee for dogs was raised to five dollars for each animal exhibited, but even this has not deterred the ambitious owners from placing their dogs in the competitions, and when the doors are thrown open on Tuesday morning, February 20th—this paper will be on the press at that time—there will be more than fifteen hundred very choice specimens of the canine race in review. In an article in the WEEKLY several years ago I pointed out in some detail the advantages and disadvantages of these exhibitions, and showed that nearly all the tendencies of the shows were towards the practical improvement in breeding. But there has always been a tendency towards breeding for conformation and fineness of coat alone, without a due regard for the working qualities of the several families. In sporting dogs, especially pointers and setters, this tendency has not been nearly so strong as in some others, for the field trials supplement the work of the gentlemen in the judges' rings, and it has been proved time and time again that the dogs that carry off the most highly prized of the blue ribbons of the bench shows also have a way of achieving the greatest honors in the field, where actual work is the only criterion. It is rather a pity that there were not trials for other kinds of dogs with special work to do. If this were so, it is as likely as not that, as in the cases of the sporting dogs, the opinions of the judges would be borne out in the field. The various hounds could be tried in the field as well as the pointers and setters, and the destroyers of vermin could also be tested by actual work, though in the latter case the successors of Mr. Henry Bergh might object. And surely the collies could be tested in driving and controlling sheep in a fashion that would not only prove the merits of the competitors, but be of great interest to all who could see the dogs work.

Dogs cannot be improved merely by breeding one fine specimen with another. The marvellous instinct must be cultivated in each generation, so that from sire to son, and so on, it may be transmitted in a more intense form. Neither setters nor pointers did their special work originally, but in the beginning they were taught what to do. Now to find game and stand it has become an inheritance, and many puppies do this in a more or less thorough fashion without training. A pointer with two or three generations of uneducated ancestors behind him would naturally be much harder to train than one sprung from a family of accomplished workers. To disregard the training and working of dogs is in a certain sense a waste of the past, a throwing away of the years of cultivation that was the result of hard labor and intelligent patience. The trouble with training dogs is that many of us keep dogs for their companionship alone, and really have no opportunity to give them their proper work. Seeing their intelligence going to waste, we sometimes think that tricks will serve the purpose of more useful employment. This is very well for little dogs—dogs that are only companionable and amusing—but it is putting the big fellows to sorry indignity. Hear what Christopher North makes the Ettrick Shepherd say of a splendid Newfoundland: "Oh, sir! dinna let ony body teach him tricks—sic as runnin back for a glove, or standing on his hurdies, or loupin out ower a stick, or snappin bread frae aff his nose, or ringin the bell, or picking out the letters of the alphabet, like ane o' the working-classes at the Mechanic Institution—leave all tricks of that sort to spaniels and poodles and puggies, but respec' the soul that maun be in that noble, that glorious frame; and if you maun chain him, let him understand that sic restraint is no incompawti-



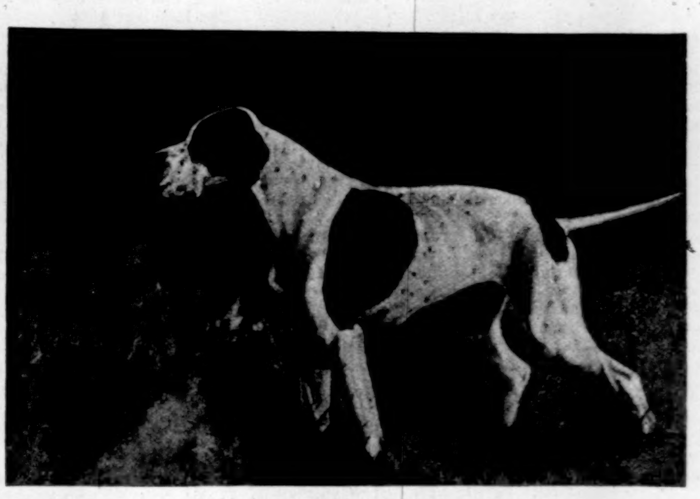
EMPRESS OF CONTOOCOOK AND LADY GLADWYN.
St. Bernards. Owner, Jacob Ruppert, New York.

CHAMPION MARILLA (BLENHEIM).
Owner, Mrs. A. Bernstein, New York.

MODJESKA (RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND).
Owner, H. W. Huntington, Marlborough Kennels.

ROSLYN WILKES, CHAMPION OF AMERICA (COLLIE).
Owner, J. Pierpont Morgan, Cragston Kennels.

STELLA (POINTER).
Owner, Adrian C. Pickhardt, Rinada Kennels.

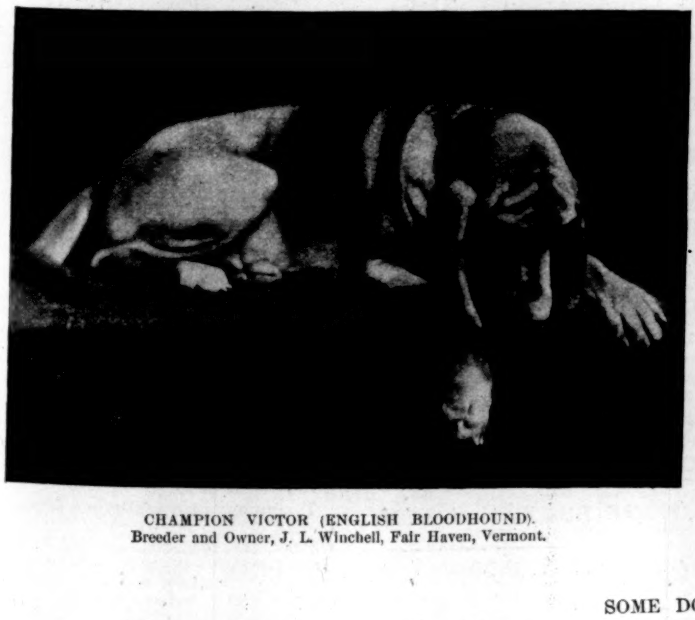


PRINCE REGENT (POINTER).
Owner, Adrian C. Pickhardt, Rinada Kennels.

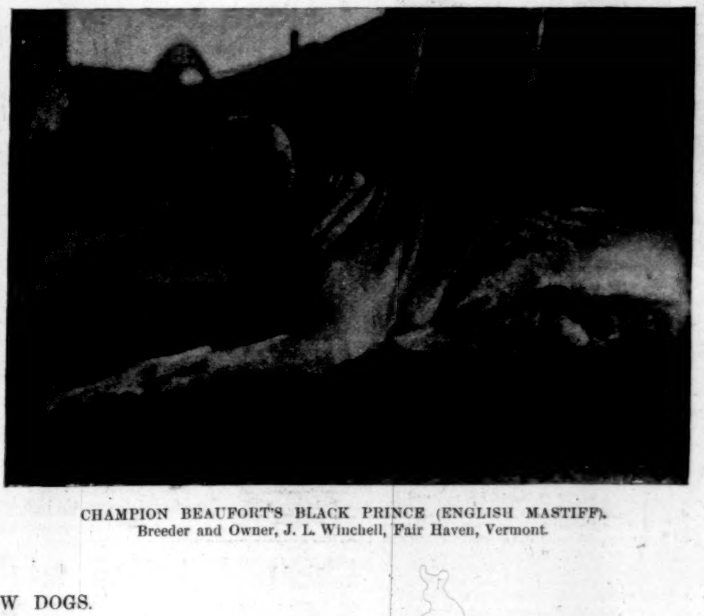
TOOTSIE.
Owner, Mrs. R. L. Crawford, Jun., New York.

CHRISTOPHER (COLLIE).
Owner, Henry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia.

TOOTSIE'S CHILDREN, NIKO AND TOOTSIE-TWO.
Owner, Mrs. R. L. Crawford, Jun., New York.

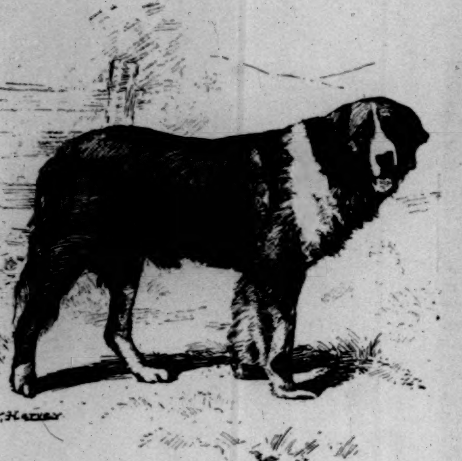


CHAMPION VICTOR (ENGLISH BLOODHOUND).
Breeder and Owner, J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vermont.



CHAMPION BEAUFORT'S BLACK PRINCE (ENGLISH MASTIFF).
Breeder and Owner, J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vermont.

SOME DOG-SHOW DOGS.



SIR HERBERT (ST. BERNARD).
Owner, Anna H. Whitney, Lancaster, Massachusetts.

ble with liberty; and as for his kennel, I would have it sclated, and a porch ower the door. Even a miniature imitation o' the porch o' Buchanan Lodge."

This was the natural expression of a man who knew dogs and loved them well, and who felt sure that a dog diverted from his special field of employment was a badly treated and misused animal. Unfortunately, however, there are some lovely dogs that in later years have had their occupations taken away from them. This is notably so of the great and beautiful St. Bernard. Since the era of tunnels, travellers are not often lost in the Alpine snows, and the intelligent messengers of the merciful monks are not needed, as formerly, in the beneficent work of succor. His next occupation has been as a companion and as a winner of or contestant for prizes. As a companion he does not outrank other dogs still with useful work to do, but he is greatly in fashion just now, and a fine specimen fetches a price as large as that usually paid for a race-horse. And whether he be fine or not, the cost of keeping one is nearly as great as the keep of a horse. In this show the St. Bernards are more largely represented than any of the other classes, the entries numbering close to two hundred. Last year Mr. W. C. Reick, with his famous Sir Bedivere and Kingston Regent, took both first and second in the challenge class for St. Bernards. This year Sir Bedivere appears as the entry of a new owner, and in competition with Mr. Reick's Kingston Regent. The illustrations that accompany this article show Miss Anna H. Whitney's Sir Herbert, and Colonel Jacob Ruppert's Empress of Contoocook, with Lady Gladwyn on her haunches by her side. Sir Herbert is one of the finest St. Bernards in the world, but has never been shown in this country. Miss Whitney acts as the judge of St. Bernards, and therefore does not put her own dogs in the competition. The two of Colonel Ruppert's, however, are famous as winners, and are fairly representative of the best type respectively of the smooth and the rough coated dogs.

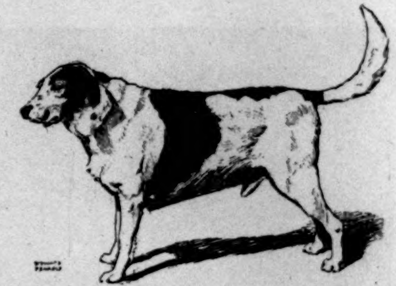
In the mastiff class—the mastiffs divide the attention with the St. Bernards as the most attractive show dogs—the entries are not as large in New York as at some of the Western shows. The mastiff is probably the gentlest of the race, and by instinct he is a protector of life and property. But in the East the mastiff has rather a bad name, and I have heard it said fifty times at least that the mastiff is not safe, but apt to be cross and treacherous. Never were there greater slanders spoken, for the mastiff is the very opposite of this. Here probably is how he came by his bad name: When two different classes of dogs are crossed, the progeny is tolerably sure to have the worst traits of both families developed in an exaggerated degree. And even when neither family has in it any disagreeable traits the progeny of such mixed blood is likely to develop some original "cussedness" of its own—some of the original sin, perhaps, that the theologians tell us of. Now these so-called mastiffs that bite women and children are absolutely sure to be, when investigation is made, not mastiffs at all, but mongrels, with enough of the mastiff blood to deceive those not learned as to the dog families. I have repeated this fact so often that those who read my articles on dogs may have become tired of hearing it, but it is so important that no opportunity should be lost to impress the fact upon the people who keep dogs. I cannot account for the strange fact, but it is so well attested by the experience of breeders that it must be accepted as entirely established. It applies to other dogs just as much as it does to mastiffs. The Newfoundland and the English blood-hound—both as gentle as gentle can be—when crossed produce a dog of savage ferocity and hateful treachery. And so through all the families. Last year, among the mastiffs, Mr. J. L. Winchell, of Fair Haven, Vermont, carried off the most distinguished honors with his great dog Beaufort's Black Prince, probably the best mastiff in the world, surpassing in size and weight his great sire, the English champion, Beaufort. This time he will meet others of the Beaufort family, and it may be will have to lower his noble head. But of this Mr. Winchell is not much afraid.

The Russian wolf-hound is gaining in popularity every year, and of late there have been importations that will in all likelihood much improve the dogs of this family in America. Mr. Huntington, of the Marlborough Kennels, has recently brought the champion Argoss, winner of the great silver medal in Moscow in 1891. This is thought to be by many the finest specimen of the type in the world. But many others have even an equal admiration for Modjeska, another of Mr. Huntington's dogs, and her picture is in this paper. She was only third in the open class last year, but previously had fared better, and very probably will do so soon again. Those who like the Russian wolf-hounds are apt also to be pleased with the Great Danes, which are large and imposing-looking fellows, and apt to frighten, by their very appearance, timid folk who see them at large. When a barn-storming company of players go through the country with the grewsome comedy constructed from Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* they are pretty sure to have a Great Dane or so to pass off as the blood-hounds that were used in the South to pursue fleeing slaves.

Next to the St. Bernards in number of contestants are the pointers, though if the three classes of setters be united the setters would be second. Any one with experience with these dogs will acknowledge their value in the field, and also their great companionableness. As the owner of a highly bred sporting dog is never likely to suffer one to go without education, the intelligence of pointers and setters ranks very high in the canine world. The two pointers with pictures in this paper are from the Rinada Pointer Kennels of Mr. Adrian C. Pickhardt. The collies and fox-terriers always attract great attention, and the classes of each are always large. The famous Roslyn Wilkes, the collie that won first in the challenge class last year, is the property of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. This dog is entered also this year, and the manager of Mr. Morgan's kennels has very little doubt that Roslyn Wilkes will again win the blue ribbon. This may be a good time perhaps to explain that the word champion as used when applied to dogs, while it means a great deal, does not mean all that it seems to imply. A champion collie does not necessarily mean *the* champion collie by a long shot, though when a collie gets to be a champion he is likely to be a dog of a very high class—indeed, a dog of the champion class. Here is the rule in regard to the champions: "The challenge class shall be for all dogs having won four first prizes in the open classes. A dog having won three first prizes in the challenge class, one of which shall have been won at a show having not less than 500 entries, shall have the privilege of the title of champion, without further competition." So it will be seen that there may be five or fifty champion collies or champion pointers in the country at one time. A mere defeat now and then does not rob a dog of his honorary titles; and in this regard, as in pretty nearly every other, dogs are better off than prize-fighters.

The toy and pet dogs are usually to be seen in a room by themselves, and the judges, Mr. H. T. Foote, of New Rochelle, and Dr. M. H. Creyer, of Philadelphia, are very apt to find that room all too small to hold them after the awards are made; for it must be known that these pets are usually the property of women, and as not all of them can win first, there is nearly always a pretty "howdy-do" with those owners whose pets have received second, third, or merely nothing at all. The gentle ladies have a way at such times of being sarcastic and tearful by turns, and these be fearsome weapons when well directed.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.



CHAMPION FITZHUGH LEE (BEAGLE).
Owner, F. W. Chapman, Malden, Massachusetts.

BIG GAME *VERSUS* SMALL GAME.

SPORTSMEN who are devoted to big-game hunting are very apt to look down upon and pooh-pooh the sport of wing shooting, and, *vice versa*, the followers of the quail and other small game are apt to consider big-game shooting very slow and monotonous. The truth is, both styles of sport have their good points, and the lovers of each should be slow to condemn the other. Owing to the scarcity of large game in the East, the followers of the dog and shot-gun outnumber the hunters ten to one, and the use of the rifle on game is fast disappearing on the Atlantic coast—a state of affairs greatly to be pitied, because we all know how strong a nation is whose people are familiar and expert with the rifle. What the once famous long-bow was to the English nation in times past the rifle is to Americans; and, if for no other reason, the present scanty stock of big game in the Eastern States should be carefully protected and fostered, and not

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given over to market hunters and cockney sportsmen, who hound deer into the water, and there, where perfectly helpless, blow them to mince-meat with patent 6-shot scatter-guns, while the guide holds them by the tail. And worse yet, it is getting to be the fashion for the gentle (?) sex to indulge in that kind of butchery. The true sportsman scorns the help of hounds in hunting, but relies on his own knowledge of woodcraft and skill to outwit his quarry, and his skill with the rifle to put them surely and instantly out of pain. Neither does he kill females, and he scorns the use of the shot-gun.

I do not say it to brag, for I think it mostly my good luck, but so far during the many years I have hunted I have never lost a wounded animal yet. I have often refused a doubtful shot because I thought the chances of wounding were too great.

If sportsmen would refuse long and doubtful shots they would be spared the pain and remorse caused by looking back to the painful incident of having to let a wounded doe caribou go off to die a slow and miserable death. As far as wing shooting goes there is no question but that it furnishes more variety and a greater number of shots in a day's sport, but it lacks the fierce excitement of big-game hunting, and the wild pleasures of the forest life, and the feeling of freedom and independence of the camp. The rapid sport with the breech-loader is great fun among a scattered bevy, but I do not think it compares with the successful end of a rapid stalk of caribou or moose, and the charge of a wounded bull will furnish excitement enough to last the average sportsman a lifetime.

In bird-shooting the dog plays an important part. In big-game hunting the experienced guide takes that place to a certain extent; but a good sportsman soon learns to do without the help of the guide, and finds the sport all the more satisfactory when his success is due to his own individual skill. In small-game shooting the sportsman's skill with the double-barrel is the principal thing, and good shooting the most important requisite, whereas in hunting big game, while skill in shooting is very desirable, it is not everything; but knowledge of the habits of his quarry, and the experience necessary to track it, strength of limb, endurance, nerve, and perseverance, are the principal requirements. Comparatively little game is killed at long range. Most of the successful shots made at long range are more the result of luck than skill, and these distances shrink fearfully when accurately measured. Any one who can hit a foot square off-hand at a hundred yards is a good enough shot for all practical work on big game. If the sportsman has sufficient nerve and patience to work up properly to his game, very ordinary skill will enable him to kill.

The greatest trouble is the tendency to get rattled. Not only do beginners suffer from attacks of buck-fever, but even the most experienced sportsmen, when they suddenly find themselves in the presence of big game, commence trembling like a leaf; and then, though but a few feet away, the best shot in the world will miss. The more anxious he is to kill, the more apt he will be to fail. I have never suffered much from this malady myself, but last year I had a very sudden and queer attack of it. I was in camp in Newfoundland. My companions were all out hunting, leaving me to keep house alone. I felt tired of doing nothing, so I picked up my Winchester and sauntered out to the marsh, only fifty yards away, by a narrow path which led through the trees and thick underbrush. As I approached the end of the path I looked up, and there, not over sixty yards off, stood a magnificent bull caribou; he was looking right at me and listening to my footsteps. I had never killed one while out alone, and here was my chance. I put up my rifle, but, to my disgust, it was bobbing about in the most ridiculous manner. I took it down and tried to reason myself out of it. My heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. There was no mistaking it—I had a bad attack of buck-fever. Three times I put up my rifle to my shoulder and tried to aim, and at last, disgusted, blazed away the best I could. The great stag gave a bound, while I looked down and hastily shoved in another cartridge.

I expected the caribou would be half-way across the marsh, but, to my surprise, there he stood in the same spot, evidently bewildered by the echoes. By this time I had cooled down, and I thought he was dying; but I put a bullet into his shoulder, and he dropped dead without a struggle. My first shot, however, was a clean miss, and the apparent death struggle was due entirely to my imagination. This tendency to buck-fever can only be overcome by long experience in the field and practice on actual game. In wing shooting the sportsman has many more opportunities for practice, and even with artificial targets thrown from a trap may acquire a high degree of skill, so that with a moderate amount of practice in the field he soon becomes a crack shot. Target practice with the rifle, with the exception of making one familiar with his arm, is of not much use. The best practice is to shoot at varied marks out-of-doors at unknown distances. The ability to estimate distances properly is of the utmost importance to the big-game hunter, and not only should this be practised on level ground, but on all sorts of ground, and up and down hill.

And last, but not least, will not the Boone and Crockett Club do something towards the protection of big game?

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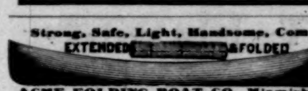

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